

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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CATHEDRAL CALLS FOR ITS FRAGMENTS

IMPORTANT LITTLE NOBODY

EIGHTEEN INCHES OF ANIMAL LIFE

Platypus Crosses the Earth and Comes Into a Cable

QUEER LINK IN NATURE

By Our Natural Historian

Eighteen inches of animal life has crossed the ocean from Australia to New York, and the news is considered important enough to be cabled round the world.

When we know that the little animal is a platypus, the reason for the excitement is at once apparent. We believe that this platypus is the first that has ever been carried alive across a sea; not because the animal is more delicate than others, but because its food is difficult to obtain outside its natural surroundings—the vegetation, the water snails and small insects, and small crustacean life common to its native ponds and streams in Australasia. Six hundred pounds was to be paid to the man who first landed a pair of platypuses alive in New York; but only one of the four that set sail from Sydney has survived the voyage.

Strangest Animal in the World

The platypus is quite the strangest animal in the world. It lays eggs like a bird or a reptile, and, when these hatch out, it suckles the young ones as a cat does. It has a fine, furry coat, but, though the young have teeth, these disappear, and the adult has a hard, horny beak, covered with a sensitive membrane. Except for this covering the bill is like that of a duck. The feet are webbed, bird-wise, but there are strong claws, and the underside of the feet is not padded like an animal's, but smooth, like a bird's.

The platypus is an unmistakable link between three forms of life—reptiles, birds, and mammals. Mammals retain their eggs in the body till they hatch; birds and reptiles lay their eggs as soon as they are formed; the platypus retains them till they are nearly hatched; then lays them, and sits on them to complete the hatching.

Relics of a Past Age

Australia is an old land newly found, and its animals are relics of an age when the island continent was cut off from the rest of the world, with a family of creatures akin to the fauna that was to be found elsewhere. In other parts animals changed and progressed; in Australia they changed less. The kangaroos and the platypus, with the echidna, remained true to type.

But, though the platypus is so ancient, our knowledge of it is quite recent, and discoveries concerning its life and labours have been mentioned before in cablegrams.

Over thirty years ago a scientific expedition, sent from England by the

Baby Rhea of Regent's Park



The London Zoo has added quite a number of new creatures to its great family, and not the least interesting is this jolly little rhea, the American ostrich, which was born in Regent's Park the other day. Among rheas it is the male bird that sits on the eggs

Royal Society to Australia, specially to study the mysterious habits of the platypus, was hastening from the wilds toward the nearest town possessing a telegraph office; while, in the New World, the British Association was holding, at Montreal, the first scientific congress ever held under its auspices across the seas. It was desirable that something exceptional should mark the proceedings. And something did.

The President of the Natural History Section was expecting an important telegram from England concerning the health of his son. A telegram arrived, and he handed it to his wife, so that she should be the first to read the happy news which he hoped it would contain. She opened it and read:

"The duck-billed platypus lays eggs."

That is how the feat of Mistress Duck-bill was announced to science, and from

that day to this the animal has been so famous that it is worth while to go to the expense of a cable when one reaches New York alive. *Picture on page 4*

THE BISHOP'S FRIEND

An Australian bishop puts into pithy form his plea for mission work among the natives supposed to be irreclaimable savages. They practise cannibalism among their other unpleasant habits.

The bishop, Dr. Trower, tells of his acquaintance with one of these natives, who became a thorough gentleman, a good Christian, and an interesting speaker at meetings, though only a few years before he had eaten his aunt!

There is no doubt that if people are approached in the right way, no matter how degraded they may be, they can be turned into good and useful citizens.

CATHEDRAL CALLING TO THE WORLD

WHERE ARE ITS LOST GLORIES?

Appeal for Fragments of the Ruin of Rheims

A NOBLE RESTORATION

A search is being made all over the world for little pieces of stone.

The Society of the Friends of the Cathedral of Rheims has been formed to call them home. They are wanted for that noble church from which German guns dislodged them, to be carried away as relics, as merchandise to every land.

Bombardment and consequent fires during the war half ruined this crowning splendour of Gothic genius, and noble pillars and statues were shaken, blasted, and hurled to the ground.

In the intervals of gun-fire loving hands rescued relics from the tumbled ruin, and, later, mere curiosity-seekers came and carried trophies away.

Population on a Church

The old cathedral had a city's population upon its walls, a population of superb carved figures of angels, of martyrs, prophets, of worshipping men, women, and children—twenty thousand of them—in every niche. Many are gone entirely; of some it is a head that is missing, or a hand, or an arm. Thousands of fragments have vanished, and Rheims is calling for their return.

Already the response is generous. Statues, headless bodies, bodiless heads, pitiful little hands and limbs are arriving from many places. One right-hearted Englishman travelled from Italy to Rheims to hand back a statue as soon as he learned its story.

Thirty years will be required to renew the appearance of a cathedral which was 220 years a-building and four years in being battered down. Ten years will be occupied, it is estimated, in identifying broken parts and fitting them to the damaged figures. It is the greatest jig-saw puzzle ever known.

In the Ancient Days of Art

The genius of France that raised this majestic fane will renew its cherished splendours with pieces gathered from all lands.

Rheims cathedral dates back to a period of unparalleled activity. Within seventy years, in the twelfth century, the French began the complete reconstruction of the cathedrals of Bayeux, Bayonne, Cambay, Evreux, Laon, Le Mans, Noyon, Poitiers, Senlis, Soissons, and Troyes; while at the same time building the cathedrals of Bourges, Chartres, Paris, and Tours.

Rheims, Amiens, Auxerre, Rouen, and many others were begun in the twenty-five years that followed. Then the work ceased. It begins again in this noble pile which glorifies the Department of the Marne. *Picture on page 7*

UNIVERSITIES FOR THE RICH

WHY ARE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SO DEAR?

Democratic Reforms
Pooh-poohed by Colleges

ANTIQUATED SYSTEMS

Why is university education at Oxford and Cambridge so dear?

Only those can take advantage of it whose parents are able to allow them at the least £150 a year, or who win scholarships sufficient in amount to support them. The winners of scholarships are a small number. To all other poor boys and girls Oxford and Cambridge are closed. Why is this so?

It is because the arrangements for living in the colleges make maintenance expenses heavy. The university fees are small. Anyone could pay for the actual education without any hardship. It is the college bills that make the difficulty, and, as there is no real connection between the university and the colleges, this is a matter that has to be left to the college authorities.

Poor Students and Rich Men

The colleges sprang up, some as early as the 13th and 14th centuries; others at later dates, as dwellings for the students who gathered round famous teachers. They were in those days mostly poor students, and wealthy men who were interested in learning founded such dwellings and left money to keep them up. So the colleges came into existence; they never have been part of the university at all.

What the college authorities think of proposals to make living cheaper, so that poorer boys and girls could afford to go to Oxford and Cambridge, is shown by the reception they gave to a plan of reform.

A well-known hotel manager was invited to report on the arrangements for providing the undergraduates' meals in the colleges. He recommended that there should be one system for all, which would make buying more advantageous and reduce expense all round. At present each college makes its own arrangements, keeps up its own kitchens, has its own staff. This is not at all an economical method of management.

Expensive Education

But the college authorities would not have anything to say to the report. They waved it away. They said the hotel manager did not understand their particular problems.

So the expensiveness of Oxford and Cambridge education is kept up, and the university authorities can do nothing to help because they have no control over the colleges. Fortunately, the newer universities are gaining in reputation every day, and they are open to poor scholars, as Oxford and Cambridge were in the past.

TADPOLES AND SO ON

And a Bird Born in a Pocket

From the homes of little ones our postbag is filled up. Here are two recent letters.

From a little Pembroke Joan, aged 9:

I would like you to see our merry little tadpoles. They are going to be frogs very soon.

We also have some caterpillars making their cocoons.

One evening, when Mother was cutting flowers, a baby blue-tit hopped round her, picking up insects.

From a little Pembroke Elizabeth, aged 11:

One day I found a greenfinch's egg in a nest; it had not been hatched, though all the others had. I put it in my pocket, and it cracked, yet did not break in two, so I took the shell off, and inside was a wee bird, which opened its mouth. I put it back in the nest, and it has grown quite big, and will soon be ready to fly.

MANDATES

How the League of Nations
Looks After Small Peoples
NO MORE UNAUTHORISED
PROTECTORATES

The old order changes, giving place to new, and one of the many ways in which "God fulfils Himself," to use the fine phrase of Tennyson, is the way which has been taken by the League of Nations to put backward and weak peoples under the protection of the powerful.

Under the old order strong nations seized what they wanted if they were strong enough to do so. They declared "protectorates" or "suzerainties" over the possessions of the feeble, and gradually assumed the rights of ownership. Their protectorates were really designed to protect their own interests.

Now they solemnly declare they will defend the interests of the peoples whose affairs they help to manage, and will look after them until they can govern themselves without assistance.

They are granted "mandates" by the League which apply to certain territories. No country can now intrude into any territory without a mandate, and, unless it acts in the spirit of the mandate, it can be requested to turn out.

That is not likely to happen, however, even if such a measure should be required, until the League of Nations is much stronger and more independent of Prime Ministers than it is at present.

Still, it is a great advance that now the nations authorise the intervention of big Powers in the affairs of small ones. No one nation can intervene of its own desire. We have got a step nearer to international law now that the British mandate for Palestine and the French mandate for Syria have been approved.

A NEW NUTCRACKER

Curious Use for Liquid Air

Liquid air, used for so many things, has been used for cracking nuts.

The National Bureau of Standards, in Washington, was recently applied to for a method of breaking the shells of chicanuts without damaging the kernels.

These nuts grow in South America, and their kernels yield an oil which is a valuable food product.

The shell of the chicanut is so strong that it takes a weight of nearly a ton to break it, and in breaking it the kernel is smashed to pieces.

The Bureau of Standards began to experiment, and found that by immersing the nuts in liquid air for thirty seconds the shells were cracked quite easily, the kernels being undamaged. The intense cold makes the shells brittle, as frost does with most things.

During the war the shells of the chicanut were used to make charcoal for gas masks, this kind of charcoal, like that made from plum-stones in England, being far more effective as an antidote to gas than charcoal from ordinary wood.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A rare Shelley pamphlet . . .	£1210
A suite of satinwood furniture . . .	£540
A Berkshire boar . . .	£525
An Empire mahogany suite . . .	£504
A 14th-century saddle . . .	£378
3-act drama by R. L. Stevenson . . .	£330
A Chippendale bookcase . . .	£252
A Chinese carpet . . .	£252
A Highland circular target . . .	£231
A Hampshire lamb . . .	£231
An Ispahan rug . . .	£168
A French writing-table . . .	£136
A pair of old Worcester jugs . . .	£89
Autograph MS. of Sir J. Barrie . . .	£41
Pair of Elizabethan men's gloves . . .	£20
A scold's bridle . . .	£14
A pair of thumb-sercws . . .	£3
A wig worn by John Wesley . . .	10s.

HOW DO INSECTS TALK?

Wireless in Nature's Tiny Kingdom?

EXPERT'S EXPERIMENTS

Is the secret of the wonderful messages which certain insects contrive to send to each other to be at last revealed? It seems that wireless, the wonder of the age, may prove to be the key to this mystery of insect life.

Mr. Lawrence Horle, an expert of the famous Washington Bureau of Standards, is hoping to prove that insects communicate with each other by means of wireless signals. The antennae of wireless stations are the namesakes of the antennae of insects, and Mr. Horle is trying to discover whether they use them to radiate some sort of signal which he can detect by means of a special listening-in apparatus.

The tiniest wireless waves are now known to be very much akin to the waves of light and heat, and it is quite well known that fireflies and glow-worms radiate energy in the form of phosphorescent light—so fascinating at night.

A tiny antenna, such as that of an insect, can only radiate the minutest of waves, such as no ordinary apparatus could possibly detect. Mr. Horle has devised a wireless receiver which is sensitive to the tiny waves that might be supposed to radiate from an insect's antennae. He is listening for their signals, and hopes to explain a mystery that has long puzzled us.

MONKEY'S KIND THOUGHTS

Sick Nurse to Dying Comrade

Into the Zoological Gardens at Manchester came a new monkey. The poor little creature was ill, and sat looking very sorry for itself, unable to eat or jump about as all the rest were doing.

One of the others noticed this, and went and sat by the invalid, looking sympathetically at it, and occasionally touching it gently with a kind paw.

Then this Good Samaritan, which is called Cherry, set off on a search round the monkey-house.

He found some pieces of loose cement, collected them, and piled them together. Next he gathered all the watercress he could find and a good deal of straw. These he put on the little pile of cement so that they made a pillow. He fetched the sick monkey and laid it down carefully with its head thus supported.

It seemed to be more comfortable now, but it was still shivering as if it were cold. So Cherry sat close by it all night with his head in its stomach, acting as a hot-water bottle.

Unfortunately, the poor monkey died next day in spite of all Cherry's kindly attentions.

AN ISLAND ADVENTURE

The Great Game of Life

Dissatisfaction with the complicated and often difficult conditions of existence in what we call highly-civilised communities is frequently met with today. It drives many to long for a simpler, healthier, less-exacting life.

A dozen students at an engineering college in Loughborough, Leicestershire, feel this longing so badly that they have determined to go right away and live altogether differently. They have bought from the Republic of Ecuador, South America, an island off the coast of that continent. They have also bought a ninety-ton boat, in which they intend to sail to their island. They subscribed about £5000 to make these purchases.

The island is said to be suitable for cattle-breeding and fruit growing. These are the industries by which the emigrants hope to make a living.

Their experiment is very novel, and the result of their enterprise should be watched with interest. What a pity it cannot be made nearer home!

GREATEST TRAGEDY SINCE CRUCIFIXION

DANGER BEFORE THE WORLD

Public Opinion Waking Up to
the Military Conspiracy

ARTICLE IN C.N. MONTHLY

Very great interest has been aroused by an article in the C.N. Monthly for August on what is there called "The Greatest Tragedy Since the Crucifixion," the betrayal of the men who died in the war.

Many letters have been received concerning this striking article, and it has been proposed that the article should be published as a pamphlet and distributed to every house in the United Kingdom. One well-known business man offers to pay for the printing and distribution to every house in the city in which his works stand, and in doing so he writes:

I take My Magazine regularly, and I must say that this article is the finest article on anti-militarism I have ever read, and one that should make all sane men raise their hats to the writer.

We all know how true it is, but up to now no one has had the courage to attack the pernicious influence of the military crowd.

Another famous business man, whose name is known throughout the world, writes:

Allow me to thank you for this very valuable article. No answer is possible to your contention; I am burdened with the tragedy of it all. I am one of many who highly value the weekly teaching of the Children's Newspaper, and the strong articles which from time to time appear in your monthly magazine.

From a professional man in practice in France, a native Frenchman, comes a significant appreciation, from which we take these words:

This is a marvellous piece of logic and humanity. You are absolutely right, and for my part I hate all that has to do with war under any of its forms. You do right to fight it.

In this way I do my best, but, alas! I seldom meet anyone in France with the same idea. The other day I was ridiculed as an idiot because I protested against the comparison between Foch and Pasteur.

What is extraordinary is that all the peoples are against war, but nobody stops it. It is the same in Germany, and, of course, everywhere. Will you allow me to give your article to one of our newspapers, translated into French?

There are still a few copies left of the August issue of the C.N. Monthly, but C.N. readers will be wise to give a regular order to their newsagents to obtain future copies of the Magazine.

EMIGRANT BOY'S RISE

Chief of Emigration

Dick Whittington set out to make his way in the world with half-a-crown in his pocket. That coin has generally been supposed to be the smallest that would suffice for a start in life.

But the High Commissioner for Australia has been telling of a boy who had less than one-third that sum in his possession when he emigrated from England to the Commonwealth, and who has prospered remarkably.

Born and brought up in Gunnersbury, a suburb of London, this boy plucked up his courage to emigrate. He worked hard at anything that came in his way; he very quickly proved himself both intelligent and capable.

He got into the service of the Commonwealth Government, made himself useful, and showed so much initiative that he was sent to London in charge of the Emigration Department at Australia House—surely a suitable crowning of a career for an emigrant boy!

CASTLE OF THE BAD OLD DAYS

A FORTRESS OF CRUELTY

Alnwick Stronghold to Close
Its Doors

BARBARIANS TRIUMPHANT

In a very serious new book there occurs a sentence to quicken the imagination of any boy. This is what it says:

The dungeon, deep beneath the massive guard-house, has only one entrance—a trap-door, through which prisoners were lowered by ropes. It is unlighted, and is reached only by such air as penetrates from the trap-door.

There is no story to follow, only a fact—that the dungeon is used no more, and that Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland, to which it belongs, is at last to be closed.

Feudal castles are out of date as residences, and this one puts out its light without causing a tremor of emotion. Formerly its closing would have brought down a flood of fighting Scots to harry and pillage, and there would have been another of the innumerable Border wars.

This old castle, successor to castles which have existed at Alnwick from Roman and Saxon and Norman days, stands like a parable in stone to remind us how sad, how bad, and how mad were the so-called "good old days." Might was right, and the lord was often merely a triumphant barbarian, and humble folk around his fortress were as abject in their miseries as the poorest Christian in a Turkish village.

Within and Without the Castle

Walls like mountain ramparts defended Alnwick Castle. Three huge doors, studded with iron bolts, barred the way in; arms for 1500 men were kept in one of the towers, and they were used in scenes depicted for all time in Shakespeare's plays. Six hundred men were fed together in the castle, and their motto was:

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it.

Within was rude, comfortless splendour; without, in the hovels of the peasants, were squalor, disease, starvation, agony, and dense ignorance.

Such castles were in their prime when a husband could be torn from his young wife and lowered into that noisome dungeon, when children could be committed to bondage worse than death, when serfdom, humiliation, and indignity were the common lot of the people within sight of its walls. Strongholds of cruelty were these old castles, and it is well that their barbarous absurdity and hideous folly should be forgotten.

ENGINES END A CENTURY OF WORK

Pumping 60,000 Million Gallons of Water

How well the old-time engineers performed their work is proved by two pumping engines at the Brookmill Road pumping station of the Metropolitan Water Board.

These engines, which are about to be replaced by more modern apparatus, have been in use for a hundred years.

They are fifty horse-power, single-acting engines, and for a century or more, almost without a day's rest, they have raised, by pumping, a million and three-quarter gallons of water a day.

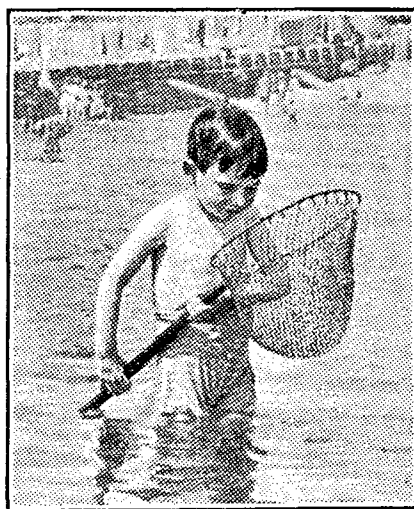
Formerly they drove two pumps each, the water being raised from the Ravensbourne River; but recently they have been pumping from a deep well. They are said to be the oldest working engines in the country, and are of the same kind as were used in Cornish mines when James Watt and his partner, Boulton, were supplying their improved steam-engines to the mines.

Altogether these two engines have pumped up about 60,000 million gallons of water for the use of the people of London, and, like all good and faithful servants, deserve to be mentioned with honour for the work they have done.

WHAT ARE THE GLAD WAVES SAYING?



These young visitors appear to be trying to empty the sea



A busy shrimper examining his catch



A little maiden's haul of seaweed



A merry party of bathers in the surf



The castle-builder on the sands takes a rest

The holidays have now begun, and everyone who can get away is off for a glorious rest by the sea. Here we see how some of the C.N. readers are enjoying themselves round our coasts, bathing, digging, and hunting for natural history specimens

CHILDREN—DO YOU LOVE DOGS?

AN APPEAL TO ALL KIND HEARTS

The Good Friend of the
Animals of the Poor

A TRAVELLING DISPENSARY

We wish to tell our readers of a piece of fine work that is being done in London for the relief of suffering animals, and to appeal to them to give it support.

In no way can the contrast between good and evil be seen more plainly than in our treatment of animals.

On the one side, large numbers of people, grown-ups and children, have a beautiful sympathy with dumb creatures and a desire for their happiness; and, on the other side, animals suffer terribly from accidents, sickness, and, worst of all, from the horrible cruelty of brutal human beings.

Both sides of this state of things—its beauty and its sadness—are made plain in the noble work of the London society that calls itself the People's Dispensary for the Sick Animals of the Poor.

Seeking the Sick Animals

The travelling van of the dispensary is now touring in Essex, equipped with the services of a lecturer and a veterinary surgeon, and free treatment is given to any suffering animal brought to the van. But it is to the normal, steady work of the dispensary in London that we wish to call attention.

The animal life of a great city is sustained at the cost of much animal suffering, partly through accident, partly through disease, partly through ignorance, and partly through horrifying cruelty. The dispensary exists to lessen this suffering by three kinds of work.

The first is to give immediate relief to animals in pain. The second is to form an Animal Protection Corps in the neighbourhood of each dispensary, to bring in cases for treatment or to give First Aid. The third is to form a St. Francis Ambulance Corps, through which children may be taught how to be helpful to animals.

Many Sufferers

This most necessary work is now being carried on in London from six centres in populous districts, at a cost of a little over £2000 a year, and, during the sixteen months before the issue of the last report, no fewer than 65,369 sick animals were given skilful treatment at the chief dispensary or its branches.

The aim of the society, which has Mrs. Dickin as its enthusiastic honorary secretary, is eventually to establish in each London borough a dispensary that will depend on local support, as its work is seen and understood. A branch has already been established in Exeter, and a caravan tour in the country which is now being conducted discloses that even outside towns ignorance and cruelty add their load to animal sufferings.

Of course the chief sufferers are dogs and cats, but horses, donkeys, cows, goats, monkeys, fowls, and birds are brought to the dispensaries, or arrangements are made that they shall be visited when they cannot be brought.

Hundred Thousand Cases a Year

Most of the cases show people sensitive and sympathetic, caring much for their animals, but often not knowing how to treat them when they are hurt.

And this society is now attending these cases of suffering animals belonging to poor people at the rate of about 100,000 cases a year. Surely it ought to receive the support not only of London people, but also of many animal lovers everywhere, and the C.N. would be gratified indeed if this article were the means of adding, say, £100 to the much-needed funds of this constantly extending society, whose work appeals to every tender nature. Any gifts should be sent to the society at 14, Clifford Street, New Bond Street, London, W.

SUMMER STORMS

THE BIG DROPS OF RAIN

Electrical Discharges in Thundery Weather

CAUSE OF LIGHTNING

By Our Weather Correspondent

In a recent C.N. article an explanation was put forward to account for the large size of the raindrops observed to fall during summer thunderstorms—namely, that the drops of water formed by condensation are carried upward by the powerful vertical currents of air which always occur in such storms, and are not able to fall till they are sufficiently heavy to overcome the resistance.

A young reader has now written describing an experiment which suggests to him a completely different explanation. The experiment in question was performed during a lecture on the dispersion of fog by electricity.

The Electrified Rod

By means of a syphon a fine spray of water was made to fall on a sheet of paper in such a way that the sound was audible. A rod that had been electrified by friction was then held about six inches from the spray. Immediately the area on which the spray was falling decreased, the drops became visibly larger, and were heard to fall upon the paper with a distinctly louder and more irregular patter.

Now, this is a very intelligent letter, and shows evidence of thought, though the idea it expresses is probably wrong.

The writer starts with the assumption that condensation is taking place and that some substance, represented by the rod which is charged with electricity, is brought near it.

Breaking Up the Raindrops

We must first ask ourselves what substance in the free air could, by being in the proximity of the condensing water-drops, act in the same manner as the charged rod. Nothing is available except other water-drops or the air itself. Now, both or either of these might be charged with electricity, and in the course of a thunderstorm they usually are. But what causes them to be so charged?

Experiments have proved that the reason of the separation of electricity during violent storms is the breaking-up of raindrops which have become too large to remain in the air. Any drop of water not more than about one-sixth of an inch in diameter will not be broken up, but any drop reaching a size of more than about a quarter of an inch cannot fall without breaking up, so that we have proof that large drops must be formed before separation of electricity can even provide the electric energy which is characteristic of thunderstorms.

How Large Hailstones are Formed

Once separation of electricity has occurred, so that the water-drops are charged, any coalescence of drops will increase the potential, because the charge lies entirely on the surface of the drop, and when two drops run together the surface of the combined drop is smaller than that of the two separate drops. Therefore the charge is more concentrated, and it is probably at this stage that the disruptive discharges known as lightning occur.

A further proof of the theory that large raindrops are caused by upward currents of air is provided by the phenomenon of hail. The largest hailstones are invariably associated with the most violent storms, and it is unthinkable that the large balls of ice that occasionally fall could have had time to form if they had not been suspended in the air for a considerable time.

SHELLEY'S LAST RIDE

What Happened to the Yacht

HISTORIC VESSEL DESTROYED IN A GALE

Even the smallest detail about the poet Shelley's tragic end is interesting in this hundredth year after he was drowned off the coast of Italy.

What happened to the yacht from which he took his last plunge has just come to light. She had been bought by him for £80, which would mean at least £300 in these days. She was sold for £50 to the British officers of the garrison in the Island of Zante, who sailed her for a short while until she was wrecked.

One night she was left in charge of a private soldier who had once been a sailor. He went ashore without leave to enjoy himself. A gale sprang up, the yacht broke away from her moorings, and, driving ashore, was broken up by the waves. Not even any pieces of her were preserved as relics.

The writer of this account, whose father was one of the officers at Zante, once saw Shelley's heart in a silver casket, taken out of its shrine for him to look at.

SCHOOL CADETS

A Mother's Anxiety

A Boy's Mother writes to us about a problem that is perplexing her, and possibly many other mothers who have sons in schools with Cadet Corps, and do not wish them to be militarised in thought and habit.

We gladly give part of her letter, with which we greatly sympathise. We think that while the world is getting rid of war we may keep alive these school movements which have so much good in them.

In a short time I shall have to decide whether my boy is to join the Cadet Corps of his school, be clothed in the uniform of war, and become a part of the military machine.

True, he will be taught to be smart, precise, and obedient, and will benefit by the healthy physical training, and these good things I do not want him to miss.

But I would sooner have him be a Boy Scout. He would benefit by all the best training and discipline and also be taught many useful arts, without becoming militarised.

If the Boy Scout Movement were adopted by our schools as an alternative to the Cadet Corps, for boys who desire to learn the arts of citizenship rather than soldiery, I think we should have taken a big step in the right direction.

People shake their heads at the idea of banishing the Cadet Movement. They say "We must be prepared." The Scout's motto is "Be prepared," and I would rather trust my country to a nation whose men were prepared for all the requirements of Peace than for the one event of War.

THEIR LITTLE ONES

Birds and Their Children

An Essex reader gives an illustration of the care of birds for their young, or perhaps of the instinct of birds to feed any young ones of their own species.

Some weeks ago a friend picked up a young thrush fallen out of its nest, and took it home, ten minutes' walk from where he found it. He put it in a cage outside the back door. To the surprise and interest of all in the house the parent birds were seen feeding the little one. They fed it several times during the day, and then, after a week or ten days, they came only night and morning, and now have ceased coming, as the bird can feed itself.

A Brixton reader found a young sparrow among the flowers in the garden being fed by its parents. As night came on it was put in the tool-house out of the reach of cats. The parent birds soon found out what had become of it, and visited it, flying over the top of the door until it was too dark to see. They fed it for ten days, and then it flew away.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Twenty-eight United States railroads are now using gasoline-propelled coaches.

A course in fire protection is now compulsory in State schools in Oregon.

Bread in Vienna now costs what would have been equal before the war to £87 a loaf.

The most disastrous forest fires in that province for many years swept British Columbia recently.

Lift's Daily Journey

A lift in the Woolworth Building, New York, travels forty miles and makes 4000 stops daily.

Automatic Train Stops

A Parliamentary Committee has reported in favour of an automatic train-stopping system for Great Britain.

Chaffinch's Strange Building Material

At Hatfield Heath, after a wedding, a chaffinch built its nest in the churchyard largely from the confetti scattered.

Dust Flies 1000 Miles

Dust from the Sahara Desert has been blown on to Dutch and British ships in the Atlantic Ocean about a thousand miles away.

The Seaplane's Balloon

American seaplanes are now equipped with kite-balloons for raising wireless aerials in case they should be brought down in distress.

A Queer Hive

Noticing that bees were always about his cottage a man at Isleworth, Middlesex, searched beneath a floor, and found two hundredweight of honey.

Oil on the Sea

How to prevent the seas from being polluted near the shore by oil from ships is to be considered by an international conference at Washington.



The Duck-billed Platypus. See page one

Pigeon's Great Flight

A pigeon set free in Guernsey arrived at Otley, near Bradford, after 82 hours. It had been on a ship in the Bay of Biscay and flown over a thousand miles.

Sheep for Fifteenpence

Drought in Australia has made it so difficult to feed sheep that they have sold in some places at 15d. each. A bullock can be got for the price of a pair of boots.

The War on Rats

Monmouthshire is resolved to get rid of rats, which do a pound's worth of mischief each in a year, and has ordered during the last three months 200,000 poison baits.

A Floating Fortune

A lighthouse keeper in Hawaii recently brought in a mass of strange substance floating in the water. It turned out to be eighty pounds of ambergris, worth nearly £10,000.

Australia's Wool

Instead of sending their wool to be woven in, Yorkshire, the Australians are weaving more of it at home. Woollen manufacture has gone ahead rapidly in the Commonwealth.

Lecture Trains for Farmers

"Better Farming" lecture trains, which are touring Western Canada under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, are equipped with radiophones, over which Winnipeg concerts are heard.

A Colossal Vault

A bank in New York City has installed what is said to be one of the largest vaults in existence. It weighs 300 tons, and its walls are made from five welded layers of steel. There are two doors, one weighing six tons.

GOOD WORK WITH

A BAD FLY

TINY INSECT'S EVIL DEEDS

What We are Learning from Recent Experiments

SCIENTISTS WHO KEEP FLIES

By a Scientific Correspondent

Taken all round, the fly is a nuisance and often a criminal, for some flies spread disease and many distribute dirt, which is next door to disease, while there are hardly any that do not take from us more than they can possibly give. That is true of the well-known fruit fly, whose Latin name is *Drosophila melanogaster*.

But out of this fly the scientific men, following the old Greek maxim that the greatest good is to take good out of evil, have, at any rate, exacted some reparation. They have used *Drosophila* for a number of valuable scientific investigations. What makes it so useful for these investigations is that *Drosophila* bears a kind of resemblance on a small scale to humankind.

Long Lives and Short Lives

The duration of man's life is anything between one year and 90 years. The fruit fly lives from one day to 90 days, though a 90-day *Drosophila* is rarer than a centenarian with us. Many human-kind die before they have lived one year; so also many flies do not live a day.

The average age to which they live is about 28½ days, and, if all the deaths of babies in their first year are taken into account, some 29 or 30 years may be said to be the average life of mankind—though if a baby survives that perilous first year the "expectation of life" is then much longer.

These odd resemblances have led zoologists in America to study this fly as a useful object for finding out laws about heredity. They breed the flies by thousands, and examine them to see how parent *Drosophilas* transmit their wing-shape or eye-colour, or other characteristics, to their offspring; and some of the most important laws about the transmission of characteristics from parents to children have lately been established through these fruit flies.

Flies Well Looked After

One American zoologist, Professor Jacques Loeb, of California, has used them in another way. He first reared them perfectly free from bacteria and other microbes that might be harmful to them to see if that would prolong their lives. He found it affected them very little either way.

He raised 2620 male flies free from bacteria, and their duration of life was from 28 days to 34 days. Of 3216 females the duration was from 31 to 35 days. Naturally they were well looked after, so that the experiment proved very little.

Then he tried to make the flies live longer by keeping these aseptic, or microbe-less, flies living at a low temperature.

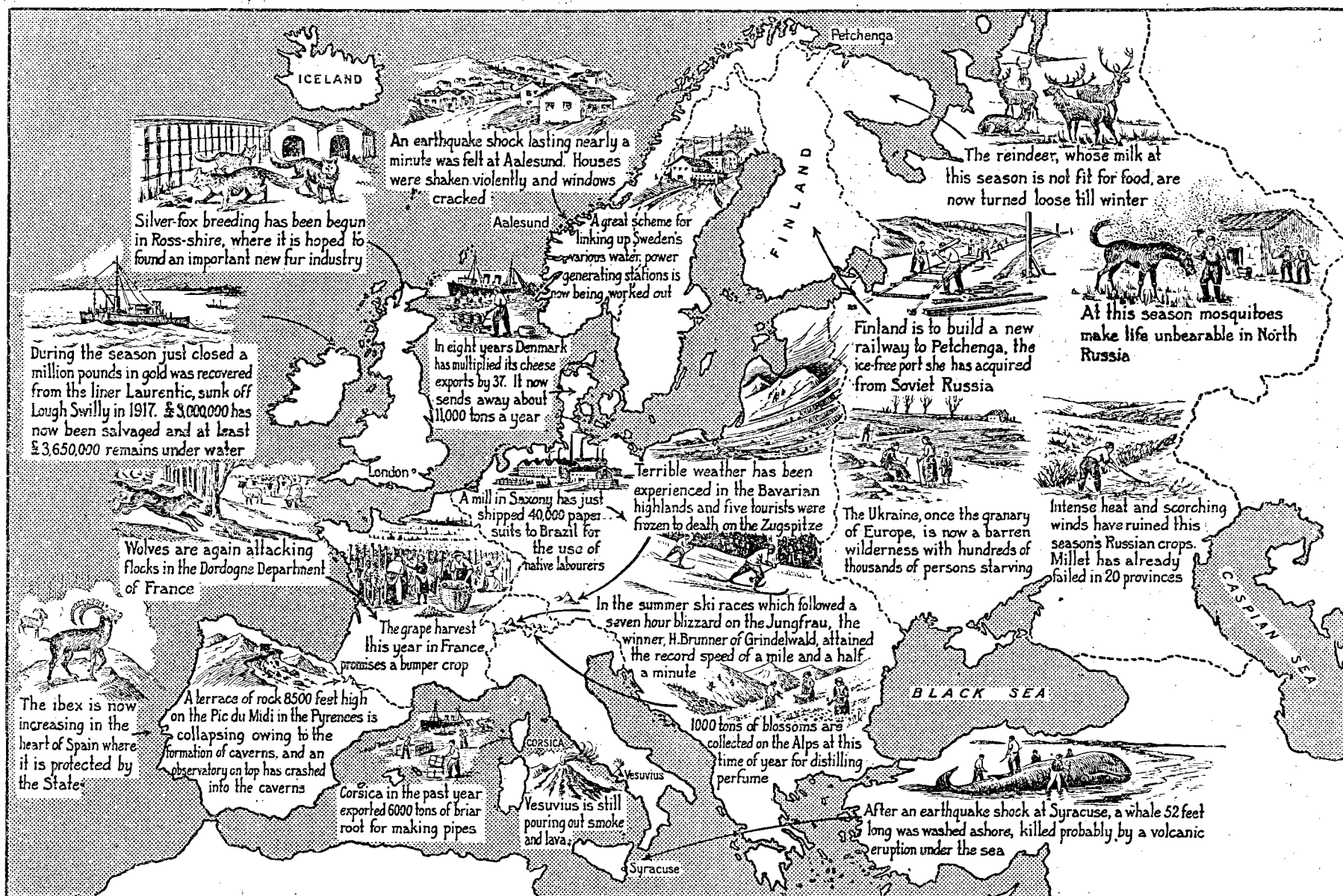
Prolonging an Insect's Life

The fruit fly lives in its natural state at a temperature of about 60 degrees Fahrenheit, perhaps a little less. Loeb had the idea that if he lowered the temperature to 44 degrees Fahrenheit the flies would live more slowly and last longer.

They appeared to do so, and at that temperature had an average life of 54 days. So then he lowered the temperature to 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and succeeded in prolonging their lives to 177 days.

But recollect that this was the body temperature of the flies. The body temperature of human beings is about 98 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is no possibility, therefore, that any such lowering of temperature could be applied to our systems to prolong life in any such way as has been described.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING NATURAL & OTHER EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



KEEPING A GOOD HEART

Father and His Boy in a Desperate Adventure

UP TO THE NECK IN COAL

In a Welsh coal-pit there was a fall of timbers, earth, and rock, such an accident as is always liable to happen to miners, who never know, when they go to work, whether they will return to the surface alive.

When the men working near the fall had scrambled away they missed two of their number, a father and son named Davies. Search was made, and they were found buried up to their necks in the ruins.

Instantly rescuers set to work to release them, but this was both a very difficult and a very dangerous job. Falls were still occurring, and it seemed quite possible that the two prisoners might be buried before the work of rescue could succeed.

They were fed meantime with beef-tea and other stimulants, and they did not lose courage. The father encouraged his son. "Keep a brave heart," he said, "All will be well." The son was brave and held out uncomplainingly; and ultimately all was well, for they were set free.

Then it was found that all the time the father, who had been the more cheerful of the two, had been suffering from a broken leg.

MILLIONS OF FISH

Last year 16,783,247 cwt. of fish, valued at £21,217,280, were landed in the United Kingdom, compared with 21,582,248 cwt., valued at £28,288,448, which were landed in 1920.

CALM AND UNAFRAID

Heroic Woman on a Sinking Ship

Out of all the pitiful and horrifying episodes revealed at the inquiry into the loss of the passenger liner *Egypt*, in the Bay of Biscay, there stands by itself, touching and ennobling, the example of a nun, Sister Rhoda.

While everyone else seems to have been in a panic, Sister Rhoda was calm. Death was at hand, she knew, but she did not fear death. Her training had taught her to think about dying as unimportant. She knew that the only thing which mattered was to live well.

So she bravely comforted other women, and did her best to still the alarm of children. She was praying when the ship turned over and sank.

That is how we should all behave in sudden danger, and how we should behave if we were taught, as Sister Rhoda had been, to control ourselves and to look death daily in the face.

WORLD'S BIGGEST MADE LAKE

300-Square-Mile Reservoir

At a cost of two millions of dollars the Gouin Dam, on the St. Maurice River, Quebec, has now been completed.

It forms the largest artificial storage of water in the world, and is, in fact, an artificial lake of 300 square miles, storing four times the quantity of water stored by the Assuan Dam, in Egypt.

The water-power of this river has been developed to a very great extent, and the waters of the new reservoir will be used to adjust the wide variation in the flow of water at different seasons of the year. The dam is named after Sir Lomer Gouin, for many years Premier of Quebec, and now Minister of Justice in the Dominion Cabinet.

COMPANY OF BABEL

Telegraph Company's World-Wide Staff

Fifty years ago the telegraph cables from this country to the East only measured 8000 miles. Now the Eastern Telegraph Company, which has just celebrated its jubilee, owns 130,000 miles, more than a third of the world's total cable mileage.

All over the world the company has its agents and cable-repairers, its telegraphists and electricians. In its service there are represented as many as fifty-three nationalities, including Zulus, Kaffirs, Congolese, Syrians, and Arabs, as well as Hindus, Chinese, Egyptians, Sudanese, and Peruvians.

Even under the uncertain conditions of the last four years 28,000 miles of new cable have been laid. England, the pioneer of under-sea telegraphy, remains in the fore-front, and is determined to keep there.

Lately a message was flashed to Sydney, New South Wales, and to Lima, Peru, in two-and-a-half minutes from London. Yet there are people living who can recollect the time when it would have taken months to communicate with those far-off places.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ajaccio	Ah-yaht-cho
Balzac	Bahl-zahk
Bourges	Boorz
Dordogne	Dor-dohn
Echidna	E-kid-nah
Poitiers	Pwaht-yay
Rhea	Re-ah
Soissons	Swahs-son
Tours	Toor

KING TINO AND HIS LITTLE WAR

Can He Have Constantinople?
NO, SAY THE POWERS

For seventy years the question of what to do with Constantinople has disturbed Europe and endangered peace.

The obstinate refusal of the Turkish Government to reform itself made the continuance of the rule of the Sultan over the historic city seem unlikely even in the middle of last century. The Russian Tsar wanted to chase out the Sultan and take his place. The legend was industriously spread that the Russian people had set their hearts on this.

Britain then backed up the Sultan. The famous Lord Salisbury admitted that this was an error, saying that we "put our money on the wrong horse." Things went from bad to worse.

When Britain and Russia became allies, Constantinople was promised to the Tsar as his share of war loot. As soon, however, as the Tsar lost his throne, the Russian people showed that they did not want it, and the Peace Conference decided to leave it to the Turks.

But lately the Greeks, who have always claimed it on historic grounds, though they could not press their claim against the might of the Tsars, have declared that they mean to seize Constantinople, and have asked France and England to consent to this. France refused firmly because the French Government sides with the Turks. Britain and Italy also refused for other reasons.

Thus King Constantine's hope of persuading the Greek nation that it has not done so badly, after all, in its war against the Turks has been disappointed.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 12 1922

Weather Wise

A FOREIGNER has lately published his impressions of the Englishman, and among his compliments is one which is particularly suitable to this erratic summer.

"He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes," says this observer, "and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle among all the deliriums of mankind."

If we reflect on this handsome compliment we shall come to understand that there is one thing about our weather for which we cannot be too grateful. It has all the moods of caprice, all the uncertainties of adventure, and all the changes and chances of this mortal life of ours; but it never actually goes to the final extremes of violence.

We may say that English weather represents all the climates of the world except the Arctic and the Tropical. We are never so frozen as to die of cold, and never so burned up as to miss the sight of Nature's greenness.

Someone said the other day: "We haven't had a summer like this since last winter," and Horace Walpole once wrote that "Summer has set in with its usual severity." But the old Duke of Wellington was right when he cut short the railing of a youth at our English weather by saying that "for six months in the year the English climate is the best in the world, and for the other six months I do not know a better."

Our climate, with all its vagaries, is an out-of-doors climate all the year round. It allows us to play vigorous games in summer and vigorous games in winter. It is never so exhausting as the climate of India, and never so inimical as the climate of Greenland. It strikes a happy mean; but not only that—it never allows its happy mean to become monotonous. As every farmer knows, each day in England is an adventure.

Now, if we would carry this English weather in our hearts we should be cultivating the great gift of moderation and avoiding all extremes.

We should live boldly, blithely, and reasonably, travelling on the road of adventure, and falling into no ruts of monotony as we go along. We should not be such pedants as the Germans, or such dunces as the Turks. We should keep our bodies exercised and our brains exercised, but we should set ourselves to be neither Sandows nor Dry-as-dusts.

Above all things, listening to the song of the robin and the lark, and picking roses or rolling snowballs, we should keep our hearts clean, wholesome, and happy, ready at any time in the year to answer to the call of duty or to go Upstairs for God's next test of our loyalty.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



At Last

ONE of our contemporaries makes the interesting announcement that when the earth is blown to pieces by atomic energy, a clever journalist in Fleet Street may just have time to write the world's last headline:

IRISH QUESTION SETTLED

Quite Content

AN Italian paper has been asking its girl readers: "What great woman would you like to have been?"

The majority answered that the woman to be most envied appeared to be our dear grandmother Eve. Some wished they had been Mary Magdalene, the repentant sinner. A few said that Helen of Troy must have been a most happy creature.

The jury—it was a competition—awarded a prize of 3000 Italian lire (about £30 today) to a sensible girl who simply answered: "I am quite content to be nobody but myself—that is to say, a good and modest housekeeper."

This sensible prizewinner seems to agree with a little French sonnet:

Happiness is everywhere:
At home by the fireside,
In love that we live upon,
In art that enchants us,
In sweet and sad memories,
In gaiety,
In simple duty simply done.

The Cross of Gold

HIGH up above the greatest city in the world is a cross.

It looks down on the glorious dome fashioned by Sir Christopher Wren, down below that on the spires and turrets and towers that rise up toward the sky, down below these on a moving multitude of people coming and going, going and coming, in a procession that never stops. It is the great cross upon St. Paul's Cathedral, the highest thing in London and the most uplifting, a lovely thing for London to look up and see on a summer's day when the cross is ablaze with gold.

The cross has just been made new with a coat of pure gold, and for days it was a thrilling thing to see a scaffolding thrown up about it, on which men were busy, nearly four hundred feet above the heads of the people, covering the cross with thirty thousand leaves of gold. They weighed forty ounces, and were worth £160.

The cross shines down on London now as it has not shone for years, and it means something, let us hope, to the millions who pass by. It looks down upon them all, and seems to say to the busy city setting out in the dawn, to the weary feet going home at dusk:

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

It takes a soul

To move a body; it takes a high-souled man

To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty.

Uncle Toby

THERE is a character in fiction who is universally loved. He is loved in this wonderful way because he is so eminently lovable.

It is recorded of him that he would let a fly go into freedom, exclaiming that there was room enough in the world both for the fly and for him.

And yet, as an able man has pointed out, "Even Uncle Toby troubled himself very little about the French grenadiers who fell on the battlefields."

If a man so humane and tender could think little of killing an enemy in battle, let us realise that the League of Nations needs all our support if the world is to learn the alphabet of Christianity.

But I say unto you, love your enemies.

It is a very big thing, a very great thing, a very solemn thing, to be a Christian.

Tip-Cat

LORD BALFOUR rarely knows what he is going to say when he stands up. If he didn't stand up he never would know.

Two American visitors announce that they "did" England in half an hour. And yet England is not done.

THE politician who never attaches importance to what he reads in the newspapers is evidently not a reader of the C.N.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
Why pinks are
white

of wage-earning." Generally quite a small money-box would do.

MR. STEVENS POPE mistrusts youth. No doubt he has found it is not always so young as it looks.

CLOCKS, according to a scientist, run faster by night than by day. Perhaps they are afraid of the dark.

I Will—Will You?

ONE church is waking up, at any rate, and we like the words it prints on the back of its hymn-sheet.

I will not worry.

I will not be afraid.

I will not give way to anger.

I will not yield to envy, jealousy, or hatred.

I will be kind to every man, woman, and child with whom I come in contact.

I will be cheerful and hopeful.

I will trust in God and bravely face the future.

Is it not fine to read them? Perhaps your church will print them too, or, if not, perhaps you will preach them in the pew by living them in the street.

A Penny for the Band

By Our Country Girl

PAUL's education had not yet reached the stage of slate and copy-book. It still concerned the art of using a knife, tying bootlaces, and saying "Thank you." Then Papa took it in hand.

The most important thing in life, he said, is to appreciate all the beautiful things that throng this wonderful world. Many unfortunate people have lived such monotonous, sordid lives that when they meet a beautiful thing they do not recognise or understand it. It seems freakish or dull to them. In these days of great, ugly, industrial cities men are not born with a natural taste for Milton, Beethoven, and Phidias. They have to learn to like what is best; they have to become accustomed to the highest before they can enjoy it.

Therefore, said he, children should be surrounded by what is beautiful from their earliest days. Paul must begin now to love the legacy he had inherited from the great dead. What, for instance, did the child know of music, except the things he heard on a barrel-organ? Let them acclimatise him at once to the sublime.

The next day Paul was torn from his golliwog, dressed in a new blue linen suit, and whisked into a cab between Mamma and Papa.

On the way Papa told him that they were going to a promenade concert, and that they would hear Beethoven's glorious Waldstein Sonata, wherein he celebrates the soul of a man who stood for the little Dutch Republic against the mighty tyranny of Spain.

But Paul was looking out of the window at dogs and pigeons and horses and soldiers. And in the spellbound hall, as the last notes of the music died away, his loud voice pierced the silence with, "Won't Daddie give a penny to the band?"

SOCIETY NEWS

Gathering of the Grasses

AT the invitation of Timothy Grass all the other grasses went for an outing. When the lady members heard of it there was quite a Needle Club Rush.

Sweet Vernal Grass played a Silvery Air on the Narrow-leaved Reed. When Giddy Rye Grass danced he seemed to be sowing his Wild Oats.

There was a race of animals, and for novelty they had to run backwards. The signal to start was sounded on a Purple Small Reed. Rat's-tail and Dog's-tail came in first, a dead heat; and they were followed by Hare's-tail, Cat's-tail, and Fox-tail.

A Rough Panic was caused by a Bulrush among the Quaking Grass.

False Oat made a disturbance by stepping on the Cock's-foot. The victim rested on the Couch Grass while the injured foot was bound in Silky Agrostis.

Brown-beak and White-beak also nipped Finger-Grass.

The sports prize was a Carnation Grass, and this was presented to the winner on the Mat-grass.

WHERE THEY LOVE SHAKESPEARE

HIS IMMENSE FAME IN GERMANY

Honour of Our Matchless Poet Abroad

WHY WE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF OURSELVES

• Once again is the old saying proved true, that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country and among his own kindred.

We all know how rarely a Shakespearean play is presented on the English stage, and how difficult it is to make such a presentation a commercial success because of the apathy of the public. We ought to be utterly ashamed that it is so.

We English people talk much about Shakespeare, and profess to be proud of our great poet, but we do not make it worth the while of the actors and theatrical managers to present his plays on the stage.

Our Shakespeare

How different it is in Germany, where the people think so much of our national poet that a greater literature dealing with Shakespeare and his works has grown up in German than exists in English. Though as nations we have been antagonistic, and Shakespeare is the great representative Englishman, the Germans love him and always speak of him as Unser Shakespeare—our Shakespeare.

This is no lip-service or mere fad of scholars. Last year 191 German theatres, scattered all over the country, gave 1997 performances of his plays. This means that, excluding Sundays, there were about six Shakespearean performances every day throughout the year. Truly an amazing record.

Great Plays for All

The favourite play was A Midsummer Night's Dream, which was acted 318 times, an average of once every day from January 1 to December 31. The Merchant of Venice came next with 259 performances, and Hamlet was third with 236.

But the Germans do not confine themselves to a few of the more popular plays. They act most of the plays during the year, and all are well patronised by ordinary play-goers. Eight theatres in Berlin alone had Shakespeare on their bills, and anyone living within reach of a large centre of population in Germany is able to see a Shakespearean play at any time.

Germany, however, is not alone among foreign countries in appreciating our great English dramatist. In Norway there is a growing interest in his works, and quite recently, when The Taming of the Shrew and Twelfth Night were played in the National Theatre at Christiania, large and enthusiastic audiences were present.

Neglecting a Great Heritage

In England, Shakespeare is sadly neglected by both actors and public. Such well-known plays as Love's Labour's Lost, All's Well that Ends Well, Timon of Athens, and Pericles have never been acted at an ordinary commercial theatre within living memory, except at the Old Vic; and another play, Troilus and Cressida, which has just been performed in London by Cambridge University amateurs, had not previously been seen on the London stage since the eighteenth century. Henry VI, in all its parts, has been acted only once since Shakespeare wrote it, and that was at Stratford-on-Avon in 1906.

We should certainly be more alive to the splendid heritage we have in our matchless poet, and should encourage the acting of his plays in preference to much of the rubbish that passes for English drama today. In this matter we can learn a lesson from the Germans.

MILLIONS OF MICE IN WHEAT STACKS

WHILE the price of bread remains high, and while in certain parts of the world there are populations in the grip of famine, there is enough wheat being kept from the market in the United States and in Australia to feed everybody.

In the six corn-growing States of America there is as much as would, if it were packed in railway cars, go five times round the globe. In Australia there are miles of wheat-stacks, the property of the British Government.

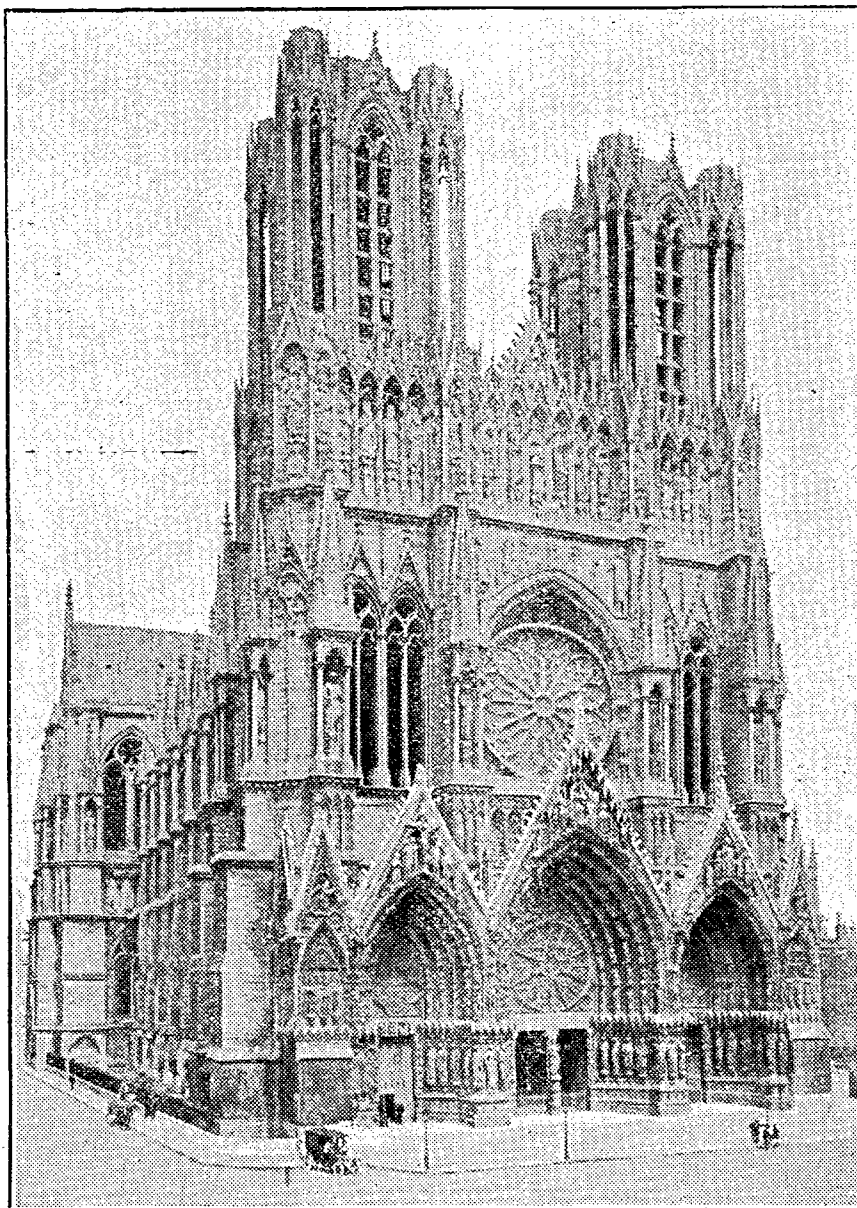
These wheat-stacks have been attacked by millions of mice. They seem to have come from all parts to get their share of such a feast. The amount of

corn they eat is enormous. In one shed in one night between thirty and forty thousand were poisoned.

And why are these vast stocks being kept back from the market? Because there is a hope in their owners' breasts that the price of wheat may go up, and that they may make a larger profit than they could make if they sold now. That is how prices are kept up.

We are feeling the loss of the wheat that Russia used to send us. That competed with American grain and prevented monopoly. The sooner we help the Russians on to their feet again the better it will be for ourselves.

ALL STONES TO BE REPLACED



Rheims Cathedral suffered terribly in the war, but it survived all its bombardments, and remains a glorious monument. Much of its fallen stonework, however, was carried away by relic-hunters to all parts of the world, and the authorities are now asking that the fragments shall be returned so that they can be replaced. See page one

WHAT WAR DID WITH A BOY

THE hatefulness of war could not be more pitilessly illustrated than by the story of a poor fellow named McCarty, who has died in Pennsylvania after a four years' struggle with terrible injuries inflicted on him by a stream of machine-gun bullets.

He was 24, hardly more than a boy, when he was carried off the battlefield, his body riddled by shots fired from the air. At first it was thought impossible that he could recover. He went through 24 operations of a serious kind, and as many more of the kind known as minor. Eighteen bullets were extracted from his body; fourteen of his ribs had to be taken out. He lost his collar-bone, and then part of one shoulder-blade, and

still he lived and seemed to get better. He was even able to leave hospital for short visits to his home. Now, after his long, brave fight, the end has come.

When he was a baby his parents looked forward to his being a useful man. He had, no doubt, ambitions himself; he expected to play a man's part in the world, to enjoy love and happiness. All these hopes are cruelly frustrated!

That is what war means. A sudden, cowardly attack under utterly unequal conditions, practically a murder. Then a dragging life-in-death with pains and miseries that cannot be described. Poor McCarty! Poor millions of other lads in all the armies! Shall we ever let it happen again?

A MAN OF ITALY

MODEST PRIME MINISTER

The Man With No Money in Charge of Finance

WHAT THE ROBBER THOUGHT

Among the virtues of politicians who get into the front rank modesty can seldom be counted. Most of them would admit that if they had been modest, if they had not pushed themselves to the front, they would have remained obscure.

Yet now and then a truly humble man does win success in public life. Such a man is Signor Luigi Facta, who has lately resigned the Premiership in Italy.

He made his name first as a barrister. He speaks, as almost all Italians do, with fluency and wealth of poetical allusion. He cross-examines in a friendly way, which gets far more out of witnesses than bluster and bullying can.

But his most valuable gift in court is said to be his whisper. When he wishes to make an effect he drops his voice. It can still be heard by everybody, and the interest of what he says is heightened. He has won juries over to his side many a time by whispering in the right place.

The Robber and the Watch

In politics he was at first a useful and self-sacrificing instrument of Signor Giolitti, who put Facta into his Cabinet when past fifty, and no one supposed he would ever be Prime Minister.

Although he had a large practice at the Bar he lived modestly and made no show whatever. One night, in an unfashionable part of Rome, he was compelled to empty his pockets by a robber. He had scarcely any money and only a cheap silver watch. He had, however, among his papers the document appointing him Minister of Finance. The thief looked at this and gave it back scornfully, remarking, "You are not fit, you pauper, to be in charge of our financial affairs." Signor Facta told this as a joke.

A Lover of Dante

He did not wish to be put into the Cabinet. He doubted his ability to succeed as a Minister. When Signor Giolitti announced to him his appointment he raised objections. The Premier searched his desk for a copy of Dante; he wanted, he said, to find a passage appropriate to the occasion.

"Ah," replied Signor Facta, "you mean, I suppose, the passage in which Virgil tells Dante that he will lead him into the Inferno."

However, his friendship for Giolitti prevailed, and he did as the older man wished. They have often taken holidays together, quite content to tramp in the mountains with bread and cheese or raisins in their pockets, and a bed at any little inn. Facta considers his chief a genius, and regards himself as an ordinary man. But he has a notion that it is a dangerous experiment when a nation trusts its business to a genius altogether.

The Wisest Way

He once told a society of law students, in a lecture, that he believed the English were right in preferring average men to brilliant men in their governments. Politics, in his opinion, call for patience and hard work rather than genius.

These qualities have certainly served Signor Facta well. His modest and industrious ways gave him unexpected success as Prime Minister. These qualities distinguished one of the best of our recent British Prime Ministers, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Between him and Signor Facta there are many points of likeness. Both climbed to great positions in the spirit of Addison's lines:

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll
deserve it.

That is the wisest way, after all. Even if success does not come, we enjoy the satisfaction of having done our best.

FREE RICHES MONEY VALUE OF LIGHT Windows as They Are and as They Should Be GET RID OF DIRT AND DARKNESS

By Our Industrial Correspondent

It is one of the strangest things about town life and work that so many of us go out of our way to shut out an invaluable thing which is offered to us for nothing. Sunlight is the first essential of healthy life, and without it good work is impossible. Yet our houses, factories, shops, and warehouses are often constructed in such a way as to bar out the sun. Often in a shop we cannot properly see what we are buying.

Sometimes a building is so made as to compel the use of expensive artificial light to atone for the mistake of shutting out sunlight.

Letting in the Light

Our own country suffers much more in this way than America or Germany, because our industries were started when the importance of good lighting was not well understood, and when work-places were crowded together by unthinking people. Many such places, unfortunately, remain in use.

From such places the workers go home to houses also built as though the sun did not exist. That is why so many of our town workers and their wives and children are pale and unhealthy-looking.

In the building of new factories and new houses it is all-important to let in the light. A work-place, to be efficient, should be flooded with sunlight. It not only helps the worker to see what he is doing, but gives him health and liveliness in his employment.

Not infrequently advertising signs are placed so as partially to block windows, and inside rooms the mistake is made of piling up materials, or of arranging plant, just where they shut out the light. There is, in Holborn, a very terrible and hideous case of this kind.

Evil of Dirty Windows

The New York State Department of Labour attaches so much importance to these things that it has issued a special bulletin pointing out how much money is wasted and good work prevented by bad, blocked, or dirty windows. Sometimes cleanliness and order will increase the lighting of a workshop by a third or a half.

Window-cleaning is so important that it should be done regularly, and as it is dangerous work the cleaners should be provided with efficient safety appliances.

Next in importance is attention to walls and ceilings. These reflect or absorb light, and it is necessary, therefore, either to finish them with a permanent light-coloured coating of enamelled cement or tiles, or to keep them periodically painted or distempered. The importance of bright wall spaces in a factory cannot be exaggerated.

Brightening Up the Workshop

Floor colours are also worth study, and the effect of painting machinery brightly in parts that admit of it is also worth the most careful consideration. In a certain factory the large machines are all painted white, except those parts that come in actual contact with the work. The effect in brightening and enlivening the work carried on is remarkable.

Finally, artificial lighting appliances, such as electric globes, should also be kept perfectly clean to get the best value from them.

There is no doubt whatever that a very large sum of money is thrown away through the neglect of such common-sense precautions; to say nothing of the importance of light in making work healthy and cheerful.

STREET OF 19 CENTURIES THE WAY THE PILGRIMS WENT

Road of Romance that Ran
Across England

OLD WATLING STREET

The work of widening the main road from London to Dover is going on apace. Never since the Romans made this very road, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, has it been the scene of so much activity and engineering skill.

This road was the famous Watling Street, which, starting at Richborough, passed through Canterbury to London and thence by way of St. Alban's, Dunstable, Towcester, and Wellington to Wroxeter in Shropshire, a very important Roman station. At this point the road split into two, and while one part went north to Chester, the other passed south to a place near Hereford.

Why the Romans Built Roads

The Romans called the road the Via Vitelliana. The name of Watling Street dates only from Saxon time. When the fierce invaders from over the water settled down they used the Roman road, but called it after one of their mythical heroes, Waetla, Waetling Street. As Waetla and his kinsmen were supposed to inhabit the Milky Way, that also was called Watling Street. Chaucer refers to it in one of his poems.

The Romans, in building the road, raised it above the surrounding land. On a foundation of hard earth they laid large stones; then in many places two more layers of stones were arranged, one above another, and consolidated with mortar; and after a layer of gravel, lime, and clay, came a level causeway paved with stones. Along its whole length milestones marked the distances.

The Britons, so we are told, could not understand their conquerors "putting their hands and bodies to the drudgery of clearing woods and paving fens," but there was a method in the drudgery of the Romans. Forests covered almost the entire country, and it was essential, if the Romans were to move about quickly from place to place and hold the people in subjection, to have good roads.

Four Great Highways

They, therefore, made four main highways, the chief of which was Watling Street, and linked these up with smaller cross-roads. But the Romans did not realise that in making these fine military roads they were conferring a vast benefit on the land they had conquered, and taking the first step in making Britain the world's greatest commercial country.

Watling Street has been called the Roman London and North Western main line, and, indeed, when the engineers of the railway company came to make their railway they could find no better route than by the side of the Roman road, along which, in the year 62, marched Suetonius and his legions to the defeat of the Druids and their army in Anglesey.

Where Saxons Faced the Danes

What a scene of romance this great highway has been through the ages! Here the Roman legions marched to and fro as they kept order or went to victory over foreign marauders; here the Saxons and the Danes marched and counter-marched and fought, till at last, by the peace of Wedmore, Alfred the Great and Guthrum the Dane agreed to recognise Watling Street as the frontier of their dominions. Today it remains the boundary line between Warwickshire and Leicestershire.

Along this road the Pilgrims went, singing or telling their stories, to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral.

There is still a Watling Street in London, little more than a stone's-throw from the C.N. office.

TRUE BIRD TALES

By C.N. Readers

All C.N. readers are lovers of animals and birds, and they often write to the Editor of their interesting pets. Here are some of their bird stories, selected from among a large number.

A MIXED FAMILY

A Brigg reader sends this story of a mixed bird family.

My sister found a deserted swallow's nest with four eggs still in it. About a week after, as she was going up to it, a wren flew out, and she saw there were two wren's eggs with the four swallow's eggs. Now the eggs have been hatched and the birds have all flown away.

THE CAT AND THE SPARROW

A West Hartlepool reader sends this story of a curious animal friendship.

I brought up a fledgling sparrow in a nest made in a stocking leg.

We had, at the same time, a cat that was a splendid rat-catcher, but it never touched the bird, and they would sleep by the fire together. The sparrow would have a bath in a saucer on the floor, then go to the fender and open its wings, one at a time, until they were dry, and then would go and have a sleep on the cat.

THE ROOK IN THE HOME

A reader near Dorking tells how her family reared an unusual pet.

Some friends found a young rook that had evidently fallen out of the nest, and they gave him to us.

We put him in a box, and all we could see when we went near him was a huge red mouth, wide open, waiting for food. So we fed him with soft bread and milk from a spoon.

He is quite big now, knows his name, Rooky, and comes at once when called. He drinks out of an aluminium cup, but is mischievous and tips it over.

He is very sweet, particularly when he is tired; then he holds such a nice little conversation with us. When father weeds the garden he helps, but he does not know weeds from vegetables.

He goes for long flights, but always comes back.

WAGTAIL AND THE CUCKOO

I found a young cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest (a Warwickshire reader writes), took it home, fed it with bread and milk, and put it outside. Then, almost at once, I was surprised to see a pied wagtail come down and feed it.

This was repeated at intervals, the cuckoo on each occasion vigorously flapping its wings while the wagtail put the food almost down its throat.

THE BLACKBIRD AT THE DOOR

A Thornton Heath reader gives an account of the successful rearing of a tame blackbird found near the door, unledged.

The young bird was taken in, fed, and kept warm, and, on being allowed full liberty as he grew stronger, was fed in the garden by the old birds.

Presently the household removed and took the young bird, Joff, with them. As he was brought up by human friends he seemed to prefer being fed by them.

Now he is quite at home in the house. If he wants a bath he flies into the scullery, makes his wishes known, and expects to have water in a particular dish.

He knows where the different kinds of food are kept and asks for them by repeated tappings.

THE WATCHFULNESS OF BIRDS

A Chatham reader gives an illustration of the watchfulness of birds against danger.

On the way to church my brother and I passed an old ivy-covered building, where there was no sign of life. But, stooping as if to pick up a stone, he said, "Watch me!" Then he raised his arm and pretended to throw a stone. Instantly a crowd of sparrows flew from the ivy.

Though no stone was thrown the birds were evidently on the alert, and ready to fly out immediately. They must have exceedingly sharp sight, for the building is separated from the footpath by a fairly wide moat.

My brother said he had made the same movement several times before, always with a similar result. Too well, alas! the birds know what such movements usually mean.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

FRANCE'S GREATEST STORY-TELLER

Balzac and His Wonderful Idea

AMAZING INDUSTRY

August 12, Battle of Blenheim	1204
14 Lord Clyde died at Chatham	1861
15 Napoleon born at Ajaccio	1769
16 Robert Punsen died at Heidelberg	1891
17 Thomas Stothard, artist, born in London	1755
18 Balzac died in Paris	1850
19 Roman Emperor Augustus died at Nola	14

Honoré de Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, died in Paris on August 18, 1850.

His life was quite uneventful outside



Balzac

his writing, except that he was such a thoroughly bad business man that he kept himself poor, though his industry was greater than that of any other author who is as well known. But poverty gives a man a keen watch-

fulness of the world.

Balzac's father wanted Honoré to be a lawyer, and he had experience in a notary's office, but he determined to be an author, and went to Paris when he was 20 years old, and for 10 years attempted every kind of writing, mixed up with the management of a printing business that swallowed his earnings.

Author of 85 Novels

At the age of 30 Balzac seemed a failure. He had tried his pen at fiction, politics, poetry, and the drama, and had not won much favour from any part of the public, but was embarrassed by debt. From that time, however, he began to attract attention as a novelist unlike anyone who had written in France before. For 20 more years he went on writing novels continuously, till, in all, he had written 85 of them.

Balzac's industry was amazing. He wrote 15 or more hours out of the 24, mostly through the night. Yet he won no literary honours from his countrymen, and when he had earned £500 a year by his pen he thought he had done very well. Now, from among the multitude of French writers of the nineteenth century, he and Victor Hugo stand out as the two who, before all others, represent France.

The Human Comedy

As he wrote more and more a great plan—impossibly great—formed itself in Balzac's mind. As Francis Bacon had drawn up a scheme which he intended should include all human knowledge, so Balzac thought he might write tales that would picture completely the life of the French people of all circles, in town and country. What Shakespeare almost succeeded in doing without any plan, and Scott did in a less degree for Britain, Balzac imagined he could do for France in a great series of tales loosely connected with each other. He aspired to picture what he called The Human Comedy.

Of course he did not do it. No man could do it. But, with infinite pains and in great detail, he covered a very wide range of life and character in his books. Unlike most novelists, he did not make love the constant motive power of his stories, but also showed the powerful action of other emotions and passions, such as greed and love of glory; and his pictures of everyday life will furnish materials for history when time has brought changes in the habits of the French people.

THE SLEEPY MONTH

Why Do We Go to the Sea in August?

LIFE OF A ROCK POOL

By Our Country Correspondent

August, when holidays begin and we all try to go to the sea, is one of the sleepest months of the year. Things stop and rest quite as deeply as in winter-time. The difference is that now is the high-tide of life, when the world, as Tennyson said of the sea, "Moving, seems asleep, too full for sound and foam."

The elms are heavy with leaves neither growing nor colouring, shrivelling nor fading. The birds are very silent. Fine butterflies feed on the fruit, which the wasps have made ready for them, till they lose their nimbleness of wing. The cows flop down the banks heavy with hot meadow-sweet, willow-herb, and bush-growth to "flap a slow tail constant in the river." From this sleepy but splendid world the bird visitors of summer begin to go away. So man, too, slips away from the land places to the sea.

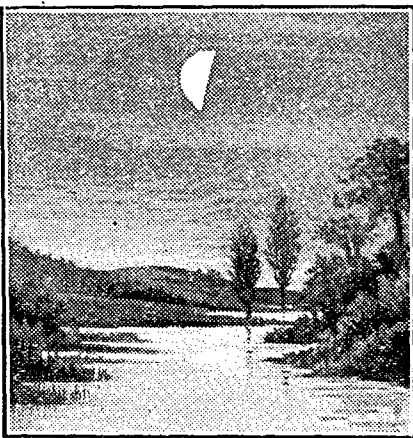
We find that the sea and the pools about are wonderfully full of life. If we pick up and examine the thin bands and tapes of seaweed lying on the sands we shall find many covered through all their length with dainty patterns that look like the designs of snow crystals.

The patterns are the eggs of minute animals fixed in a jelly that we can peel in strips from the seaweed. At the sea one really wants a microscope—there is so much that is tiny and rather obscure. But if we do not look so curiously into the pools, the seaside still teems with life, with things innumerable, as does no other part of the world—with birds and fish and crustaceans and creatures that can scarcely be put into a class.

Between the birds, that are better seen with a glass, and the minute things better seen with a microscope are fish and the host of strange and beautiful creatures familiar to all those who have rummaged under rocks and in pools with a shrimping or prawning net.

The best of amusements is first quietly to examine a clear pool, with its silver weeds and yellow shells and red anemones, which will seem still and almost lifeless, and then to set the net going like a scythe in the harvest. It may bring us up all sorts of treasures—sea-horses, a prawn or two, a young crab, and, most curious of all, an anemone.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 7 a.m., summer time, on August 16

HE SAW NAPOLEON Old Sea Captain's Long Life

Is there anyone now left alive who saw Napoleon?

An old man of 104 has died in Tasmania, and he is said to have seen Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

As a boy he had a longing to go to sea, and was given a berth on board the royal yacht as cabin boy.

He became in time a captain and had a merchant ship of his own to command. Forty-two years ago he retired and went to Australia. There he lived till he died, in the house of his "baby boy"—so he called his youngest son, aged 54.

What a different world he left from the world into which he was born!

200-MILE RESERVOIR

Harnessing a Great River

POWER AND WEALTH FROM ITS WATERS

The great Colorado River in America, which drains an area of almost 250,000 square miles, and is famous for the wonderful canyons through which it passes, is at times a placid stream, and at others a raging torrent, doing great damage to low-lying parts.

A scheme to regulate this flow and utilise the waters for irrigation purposes, and to harness them to produce electrical energy, is now being considered.

It is estimated that the waters of the Colorado can be made to produce energy equal to 4,350,000 horse-power, and that two-and-a-quarter million acres of arid land will be made fertile by irrigation.

It is proposed to erect a huge dam 500 feet high across the Glen Canyon, which is 75 miles higher up the river than the famous Grand Canyon. This mighty wall, two-and-a-half times as high as the Monument in London and a few hundred feet in length, will hold back the rushing waters of spring and create a huge reservoir 200 miles long, holding 1,750,000 million cubic feet.

River Drives the Railways

A great power station, similar to that at Niagara, will also be constructed near by, and the water that falls to the lower level will be harnessed to develop electricity, to be used for operating railways, lighting factories and homes, and so on.

Eventually five other dams and power stations will be built between Glen Canyon and Boulder Canyon, 300 miles away, representing a further drop of 2600 feet; and the whole of Arizona, Nevada, and Utah, more than half of California, Colorado, and New Mexico, and a part of Idaho and Wyoming will draw electricity from these stations.

PETROL THAT VANISHES

Saving 170 Million Gallons a Year

Experts declare that last year 120 million gallons of petrol passed off into the air as vapour from the oil refineries, and were lost to man's use for ever.

All this wealth and power could be saved if faulty methods of production were eliminated and scientific methods only were adopted.

In many of the refineries the petrol that would otherwise pass off as vapour from the stills is condensed, and 50 million gallons were saved in this way last year. But instead of 50 million gallons 170 millions could be saved; and now that the oil supply is within measurable sight of exhaustion the experts are getting concerned about the wastage that goes on.

This is very great in all the processes, from the time that the oil is taken out of the earth to the time when the finished product is run into cans, tanks, or other receptacles for distribution and use.

Millions of gallons are allowed to run away into the soil round about the wells, and these can never be recovered, though a little care would prevent the wastage. The prolific nature of the supply hitherto has made men careless; but now that the supply is less than the demand, and bids fair to get less still year by year, tremendous efforts are being made to conserve it by preventing waste both at the wells and in the oil refineries.

POPULATION OF A PARK

The latest census of animals in the Canadian National Park at Wainwright, Alberta, shows 6201 Buffalo, 187 Elk, 468 Deer, 24 Moose, 4 Antelope, 140 Cattle, and 22 Yak.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

What is the Bag Under a Frog's Chin for?
It is the vocal sac from which the frog produces his voice when he croaks.

Has any Bird both Fur and Feathers?
No; feathers are peculiar to birds, and only mammals—warm-blooded animals that feed their young on milk—have fur.

How Old must an Ostrich be Before it Yields Good Feathers?

The first crop of feathers is taken at about eight months, and the rest every eighth month afterwards.

What are the Best Weeds to Grow in an Aquarium?

Roots of Vallisneria, laid in a deposit of sand, and a few sprigs of Anacharis tied to stones, are sufficient.

How Can the Sex of a Tortoise be Told?

There is no way in which the amateur can distinguish between tortoise sexes until a tortoise lays an egg and proves itself female.

Is it True that Pigs will Destroy Imitation Pearls but not Real Ones?

Jewellers would doubtless be glad if it were so, but, of course, there is no truth in the statement.

What Makes the Colour of Birds' Eggs?

Certain glands of the bird are charged with pigment, and the colouring matter is applied as the egg-shell forms and hardens.

How Long does a Ladybird Live?

Certainly more than a year, for ladybirds sleep through the winter and awaken in spring to renew their praiseworthy campaign against greenfly.

Which Plant has the Largest Leaf?

This distinction belongs to a water-lily, the Victoria Regia, whose leaves measure six feet across and have a turned-up margin two inches in depth.

How can an Ant tell Friend from Foe Among other Ants?

Experiments prove that ants identify friends and detect enemies by the sense of smell, which is lodged in the antennae.

What are the Insects Clinging to the Bodies of House-flies?

Generally these are mites, but sometimes a little red insect, called the book-scorpion or chalcifer, makes itself at home on the body of our enemy.

Can We Tell Whether a Male or Female Moth Will Come from a Caterpillar?

The sex of the perfect insect cannot be predicted from the caterpillar, perhaps because the subject has not yet been sufficiently closely studied.

Has a Fish a Voice?

Many fish are capable of producing sounds, some by the scraping of fins or other organs, some by means of the teeth, and some by means of gas emitted from the air-bladder. But no fish can hear; it may feel the vibrations set up by sound.

Have all Animals the Same Number of Teeth?

The apes, like man, have thirty-two teeth, and mammals in general average about that number. There are exceptions, for rodents commonly have twenty, a number exceeded by eight in hare and rabbit. A dolphin has some 200 teeth, and a garden snail over 1,400.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What is a Weeping Pipe? A pipe that allows water to drip slowly.

What does L. D. S. mean? Licentiate of Dental Surgery, a dentist's qualification.

What is the Thyroid Gland? A ductless gland in the neck which is supposed to exercise an influence on the blood flow through the brain.

What is Seizin? Seizin, or seisin, is a legal term for the possession of a freehold estate; it also means the act of taking possession, the thing possessed, and ownership.

PASSING OF THE PLANETS

MOVEMENTS IN THE SUN'S FAMILY OF WORLDS

Venus and Saturn Approaching One Another in the Sky

THE EARTH AS AN ORB OF LIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A notable event will occur next Tuesday evening, when Venus and Saturn will pass one another and be in what is astronomically known as conjunction.

It will be quite easy to see them low in the south-west, the lustrous Venus excelling all else, and about five times the Moon's width below Saturn. A little to the left will be seen Jupiter, a very much brighter orb than Saturn.

For several weeks past it has been obvious that these two planets, Venus and Saturn, have been approaching one another—that is, as seen from the Earth. Actually they have been getting farther away from each other, and very rapidly, too, at the rate of nearly two million miles a day; for Venus is very quick in her movement.

If the Earth Stood Still

She is just now coming almost directly toward us, so, if our world stood still Venus would reach us in about forty-two days.

Fortunately, our Earth is racing away from Venus at 1,640,000 miles a day, and, as Venus has the inner place in the vast circular track round the Sun, of course she can never actually reach our world, but passes it at a distance of some 26,000,000 miles.

At present she is about 82 million miles away, whereas Saturn is 950 million. This, together with the much closer proximity of Venus to the Sun, helps to account for the enormous difference in their brightness.

Venus possesses very great reflective power. This is ascribed to her dense, cloud-laden atmosphere, through which very little of her permanent features can be seen.

High Mountains on Venus

What can be seen suggests the existence of polar ice-caps similar to those of the Earth and Mars, an uneven surface, and ranges of very high mountains.

The irregularity of the line between day and night on Venus, called the terminator, and the occasional observation of radiating streaks, somewhat suggesting the way the great mountain ranges in Asia radiate from the Pamirs, constitute very good evidence, for her mountainous character; but clouds appear to obscure quickly the permanent markings, and so nothing certain can be followed, so as to measure, for instance, the length of her day or the tilt of her axis.

Venus has no Moon to light up her night skies or to produce the tides we know so well. On the other hand, when she approaches the Earth, our world, seen from Venus, becomes a glorious orb of light.

Mystery of the Lights

Just now it appears about twice as bright as Venus does to us, but in the course of the next three months the Earth will come to appear several times brighter to Venus than Venus does to us.

This is due to the fact that Venus will gradually become more and more of a crescent, like a waning Moon, whereas the Earth remains a luminous disc.

It is regrettable that so much of Venus is in darkness when she is approaching her nearest point to us. Yet even this dark area is not without its interest, for observers have, from time to time, recorded the appearance of lights on this dark part. It is possible there may be volcanic conflagrations or forest fires on a great scale, though it seems more probable that they are really auroral displays.

G. F. M.

MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of Two Boys Among the Indians Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 63

In the Cleft

It was all very well to talk of beating the Indians to the cleft, but the question was how to find the cleft. The boys knew that they were quite near it, but in this smother of snow it was impossible to see anything that was more than a few yards away.

Still, the snowstorm was their friend in one respect, for it hid them from their enemies.

But this was only for the moment, for suddenly there came a great roar of a voice from close behind.

"Who's that? Craze, who are those two ahead of us?"

Clem's heart dropped to his boots, for the voice was that of Gurney. He sprinted again desperately, and Billy kept beside him.

Suddenly they caught sight of the dark, narrow gateway to the valley looming through the whistling snowdrift just ahead.

"I know who it is," roared Gurney again. "It's those boys. Stop 'em, some of you! Stop them, or they'll get ahead and spoil everything."

Clem dared not look back. All his energies were concentrated upon gaining the mouth of the cleft before their pursuers could reach them.

A blast of wind cold as death came rushing across the plain, raising the fine snow in a seething, hissing drift which hid everything for a matter of moments. Before it passed the two brothers had flung themselves past the tongue of rock that almost covered the entrance to the cleft.

Billy checked a little.

"Don't stop!" urged Clem. "Keep on! Gurney and Craze won't stop for the gorge or the geyser."

He was right, for next instant two tall figures came racing after them into the mouth of the ravine.

"I told you so!" cried Gurney furiously. "No, don't shoot, or maybe Condon will hear."

Clem's legs felt like lead, and Billy, too, was failing, for they had come many miles already that day, and both were nearly worn out. They knew that they could not keep going much longer, while their enemies were probably still quite fresh. And then, just as all hope seemed to be gone, the ground shook, and next moment came the bubbling hiss which was the start of the great geyser's regular half-hourly outburst.

From somewhere behind came a new voice—Pelly's.

"Gurney, Craze, what are you a-doing? Come right back, or every one of these Indians will be on the run."

Gurney's answer was a violent exclamation. Then all other sounds were drowned by the shrieking roar of the Watchdog.

Clem, still running, looked back over his shoulder, and to his intense relief saw that their pursuers had fallen back. Evidently Pelly was right, and the Indians needed looking after pretty sharply to make them face the terrors of the gorge.

"It gives us a chance," he said hoarsely, and just as he spoke Billy slipped on an icy stone and fell heavily.

Clem stooped and dragged his brother to his feet. Billy took one step and nearly fell again.

"It's no use, old man," he said quite calmly. "I've twisted my ankle. You push on, and warn the folk. I can look out for myself."

"Nonsense!" retorted Clem, almost savagely. "Get on my back. I'll carry you."

Billy faced his brother, and even through the whistling snowflakes

and the mist from the geyser Clem could see the set look in his eyes.

"You're talking nonsense, Clem," he said quietly. "It would only mean we should both be nabbed. It's up to you to warn Dad and Bart, and you know it."

CHAPTER 64

Clem Goes on Alone

CLEM hesitated. His heart was like lead. To leave Billy to the tender mercies of Gurney and his precious crew was almost beyond thinking about, yet his duty was to warn the valley, and he knew it.

"Let's wait a moment, and see if you feel better," he begged. "Anyhow, we can't go through the basin until the water is down again."

Billy shook his head.

"It's nearly down now," he said, "and you may be jolly sure that Gurney is going to push his Indians on the very minute it's stopped. Go ahead, Clem. It's your job."

"But Billy—Billy, I simply can't leave you to these awful men."

Billy looked round quickly.

"There's a bit of a hole in the rock just over there," he said. "Help me to it, and I'll pile some snow up in front and lie doggo. It's nearly dark and the mist is thick; perhaps they won't spot me."

The cavity Billy pointed to was just a niche and nothing more, and gave precious little shelter of any kind.

Again Clem hesitated, but Billy insisted, and in his heart Clem knew that Billy was right.

He helped him to the place, then hurried on. He felt perfectly miserable. He had never hated anything so much in his life as leaving Billy behind. The only comfort he had was the thought of the way in which Bart and his father and Jock Scarlett would take it out of Gurney and his pack of marauders.

Fresh trouble was in store, for when he got to the basin he found that the edges of it, beyond the rim of the geyser cup, were one mass of ice. The spray had frozen on the rocks; it was impossible to go fast.

He hurried as much as he dared, but in some places he was forced to go down on hands and knees and crawl. He kept on looking back, expecting every minute that his pursuers would appear in sight. The worst of it was that the snowstorm was slackening. It had not stopped, but it was much lighter, and he could see plainly that it was not going to last much longer. The wind, too, was lifting the mist.

Sure enough, he was not half-way across the basin when he heard voices in the gorge behind him and the tramp of feet. His pursuers were coming, and would be upon him before he could get clear. The Indians, wearing moccasins, could travel twice as quickly across the ice as he could in nailed boots.

Once more Clem felt perfectly desperate. But there are some people upon whom this sort of thing acts like a tonic. The tighter the fix, the more quickly their brain works. And, luckily for himself, Clem was one of these.

All in a flash it came to him that Gurney and Craze were depending on the space of time between two explosions of the geyser in order to get their superstitious followers through the gorge. At the same time he remembered that Bart had said something about stirring up the geyser and making it go by putting soap in it.

Well, he had no soap, but perhaps a stone might do. It was a chance anyhow, and so far as he could see, the only chance.

There were plenty of stones, and, kicking a good-sized one off the frozen surface, he picked it up and went scrambling across toward the central basin.

It was easier going here, for the heat of the boiling water had melted the snow and ice. All around the basin itself the ground was quite bare, and the misty vapour from the last outburst still hung all around. It was lucky for him that the mist was thick, for by this time the snow had almost stopped falling.

The central basin was surrounded by a rim of whitish rock, a sort of deposit that had been left by the boiling water.

He scrambled over this with the stone under one arm. Inside, the rock sloped steeply toward the circular hole through which the jet rose. Down below he could plainly see a bubbling like that of a great cauldron, while the whole ground trembled.

At any other time Clem would have been horror-stricken at the idea of venturing so near to the very crater of the geyser; now he hardly gave it a thought. His anxiety on Billy's account seemed to swamp every other feeling. He scrambled down a little way, found some sort of footing, and flung the big stone with all his might toward the centre.

It went rolling down with a sound like the beating of a drum, and Clem realised that the ground on which he stood was hollow.

He saw the stone vanish into the central pipe, then, without waiting an instant, climbed back as quickly as ever he could.

As he flung himself over the rim he heard voices through the mist, then the light thud of moccasined feet; Gurney and his Indians were actually entering the basin.

Very nearly dead-beat, Clem went slipping and staggering away toward the opposite side of the great cliff-walled pit. He knew very well that he could never reach the valley ahead of his pursuers, and that the only chance for his own people was the geyser.

If the stone trick worked all might yet be well, but if it failed—well, Clem could not bear to think of what would happen then. Once that horde of savage Kaloots was loose in the valley it would be the end of everything!

CHAPTER 65

When the Watchdog Barked

THE snow had stopped altogether, and the icy wind blowing through the gorge was rapidly sweeping away the mist.

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Before Clem could reach the entrance of the second part of the gorge he heard a shout behind him:

"There's the kid. I see him!"

The voice was Pelly's, and was followed by a sharp rebuke from Gurney.

"Keep quiet, you noisy idiot! Do you want to raise the valley before we get there?" Then came an order from Gurney in the Indian language.

Clem knew instinctively what it meant, and flung himself down. He was only just in time, for next moment a shower of arrows came zipping through the dusk, their flint-headed points rattling on the rock all around him.

The moment the sounds ceased Clem scrambled up and set to running again. But his nailed boots slipped on the ice, and down he went again with a force that knocked all the remaining breath out of him.

"This is the finish!" he said dully, as once more he staggered to his feet.

But he was too done to run any more. He could only limp slowly forward.

Again came the sharp order from Gurney, and, glancing back over his shoulder, Clem saw plainly a score of Indians standing just across the basin, and in the very act of fitting fresh arrows to their strings.

Clem felt he hardly cared. He was so exhausted that he was almost beyond it. Yet he dropped again to the frozen ground. Then, before the Indians could draw their bows, the ground trembled, and from out of its depths came the familiar gurgling roar.

Clem could hardly believe his senses, for by this time he had given up all hope of the geyser.

The roar increased, and the ground began to shake like the lid of a boiling kettle. Clem saw Gurney and Craze dash forward in a desperate effort to encourage their men.

It was too late. At the first sound from the geyser the Indians had wavered. Now they were, one and all, bolting back as hard as they could go, toward the canyon.

What happened after that Clem hardly knew, for next instant, with a roar twice as loud as usual, a gigantic column of boiling water shot up from the centre of the basin. It rose to a prodigious height, sending out enormous clouds of thick vapour.

To Clem it looked as if the whole basin would be swamped by its fall, and, crawling on hands and knees, he managed to reach the mouth of the gorge leading into the valley. There he dropped, absolutely done, his head spinning giddily.

Down came the vast fountain with a sound like thunder. It was lucky for Clem that he had got as far as he had, for even where he lay he was splashed with boiling foam. Vaguely he saw the great surging, bubbling flood sweep backward to its source; but now the vapour was so thick that he could see nothing else. Then the thought of Billy came uppermost again, and he felt he must make one last desperate effort to save him.

Somehow he got to his feet, and went blindly staggering down the defile. He heard an outbreak of fierce barking, and suddenly was surrounded by the great wolf dogs. They knew him, and fawned on him. A light shone.

"Clem—Clem, it's never you?" It was his father's voice, tense, and cracking with emotion.

"Billy!" said Clem thickly. "He's back there in the far gorge. Gurney's got him, I'm afraid—Gurney and the Kaloots. Save him, Dad!"

He staggered as he spoke, and would have fallen, but his father's arms closed round him, and held him up.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Famous Storyteller

ABOUT the time that Charles II returned to the throne of his fathers a boy was born in London whose name is known to every schoolboy today.

His father was a butcher, but, after a good education, he did not go into his father's business, but was apprenticed to a hosier. We do not know much about this part of his life, but he appears to have been in the army of King William III when that monarch marched on London after the flight of James II.

Earlier still he took part in the Duke of Monmouth's unsuccessful rebellion, and was certainly fortunate to escape with his life when so many were put to death by the notorious Judge Jeffreys. Later, he travelled in France and Spain.

In business he was not very successful, and went bankrupt, but all his debts he paid honourably when, later on, he had obtained the necessary means.

He seems to have tried various callings, and became very active in politics, writing powerful pamphlets that infuriated his opponents. For one of these he was tried at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to a heavy fine, to imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory. His offending pamphlet was publicly burned by order of the House of Commons.

But nothing could stay his pen. Even while in Newgate he wrote pamphlets, and actually started a weekly paper there.

In nine years he wrote and published eighty distinct works, but he did not confine himself to politics. He gave much excellent advice on such subjects as the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving.

When he was not quite sixty he produced a story of adventure that has become one of the great classics of the English language. Every boy and girl reads this book, and it is as fresh and exciting today as when it was first written.

He also wrote many other books, some of which are still read, not only by scholars, but by all who love good literature. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest writers. His style is simple, but he makes his characters live like real people, and when we read his stories it is difficult to believe that they are fiction and not fact.

He built a house just outside London, where he lived with his family, but in his later days he had a good deal of domestic trouble owing to the undutiful behaviour of his sons. After a life that had been stormy and varied, he died in London, and was buried in a famous cemetery, where lies another great writer who had much in common with him, and who produced a book that is still read by everybody. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





The Quiet August Noon Has Come



DI MERRYMAN

"It's waste of money," said Father. "Why should I pay heavy school fees for you when you are always at the bottom of your form?"

"Well, Father," replied Billie, as a brilliant thought struck him, "they teach the same things throughout the class."

WHAT is that which when it loses an eye has nothing left but a nose?

A noise.

The Gospel of Fresh Air

HE closed the windows tight—all ten;

Bolted and shuttered them all,
For fear he might gaily lean out on a sill
And lose his balance and fall.

He sat in the middle and glibly prayed

A thankful, mechanical prayer,
And closed his eyes, and fell asleep,
And died for lack of air.

WITTER BINNER

What Are They Doing?



Can you see what the boy and the girl in these pictures are doing? Solutions next week

Do You Live in Hereford?

THIS probably has nothing to do with a ford over a river; as an ancient spelling is Hereford, which means the fort of the army. No doubt it was in early days a fortified camp or station for an army or body of troops.



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

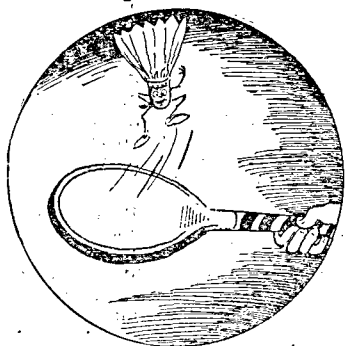
AUGUSTUS said to Marmaduke, "Come on! Let us away! To Farmer Johnson's we will go, and watch him cut the hay." They soon got tired of watching, and looked around to see. If there was anything to tease. Said Gus, "It seems to me There's nothing here for us to do; let's go down to the farm And open wide the stable-door—it can't do any harm." The door they opened very wide, when, with an awful roar, Out dashed old Farmer Johnson's bull: they'd opened the wrong door.

Augustus screamed, and Marmy cried; away they tried to run— With Gussy and Young Marmaduke that bull had lots of fun.

Can You Read This?
CAPTAIN BBBB led his CCCC in2 the DWDESDTD and fed them on cold POTOOOOOOOO.

Solution next week

Adding to His Feathers



THE shuttlecock jumps up and down

Upon the battledore—tap! tap!
If fifty he can count 'twill be
Another feather in his cap!

WHAT is the best thing to make in a hurry?

Haste.

The End of the Dance

THERE was an old man of Penzance

Who lived to do nothing but dance,
Till his socks wore in holes,
And his feet burned like coals,
And then he'd go off in a trance.

The Lullaby

THE bore had been talking almost without a stop for twenty minutes, when he saw that one of the company was fast asleep.

"I say, Jones," he said, "n dge Browne; he's asleep."

"Not me, old chap," replied Jones. "You wake him; you put him to sleep!"

And the bore wondered why all the others laughed!

WHAT is the difference between a chatterbox and a looking-glass?

One speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.

What Country is This?

MY first is in paper and also in rope;

My second's in bishop and also in pope;

My third is in written and also in print;

My fourth is in glitter and also in glint;

My fifth is in curling and also in curl;

My sixth is in daughter and also in girl;

My seventh in rattle and also in bang;

My eighth is in clatter and also in clang;

My whole is a country with this strange thing—

A monarch who no longer rules as king.

Solution next week

WHY is the figure nine like a peacock?

Because, without a tail, it's nothing.

Scotching His Hop

A GRASSHOPPER once, young and growing,

With energy great was o'erflowing;

He hopped and he hopped,

And never once stopped

Until no more grass was left showing.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Date is This?

MDCLXV—Milton, Dryden, Chaucer, Lope de Vega, Xanthippe, Virgil

Hidden Names

Grace, Edith, William, Emma
Do You Live Here? Heysham

Jacko in a Bragging Mood

IF it hadn't been for Jacko's bragging, Belinda said, it would never have happened. Jacko said if Belinda hadn't gone mad at the sales that day, and bought up half the shop, he'd have had nothing to brag about.

As a matter of fact, he was only pulling young Jimmy's leg. They had flashed past Jimmy in the car on the way home that day, and Jimmy's big eyes grew round as saucers when he saw how the parcels towered up like a mountain.

"Were you moving?" he asked Jacko next day.

"No fear," said Jacko. "Been shopping, that's all."

"My word!" said Jimmy. "You had been busy! Bought the car, too, I suppose?" he added with a grin.

Jacko nodded. "Guessed it first shot," he said. And then, because he couldn't keep it to himself any longer, he said: "My sister's come into a fortune!"

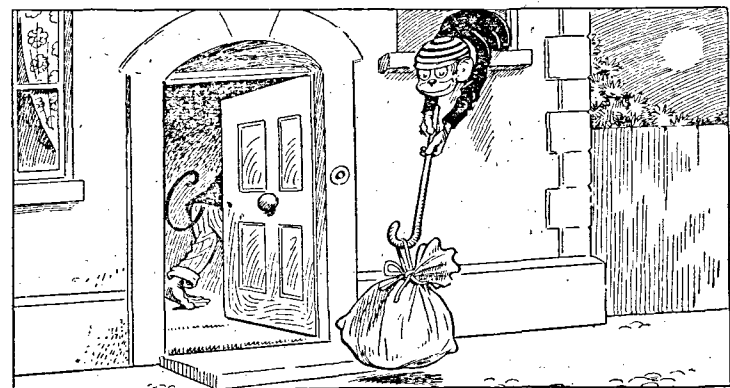
Jimmy stared for a minute, and then asked: "What's the joke?"

It took Jacko some time to convince him that it was quite true; and then Jimmy seemed so impressed with the news that Jacko couldn't resist enlarging a bit. And when he got fairly started he ran past himself. Belinda's—or, rather Joe's—legacy grew bigger every minute.

Jimmy, telling the tale at home, added a bit more to it, till you might have thought the simple cottage housed the treasures of a palace.

The next day, all unsuspecting of the way she was being talked about, Belinda put on her hat, shut the house up, and went off to spend the day with a friend.

Jacko was very annoyed about it when he came along, soon



Jacko leaned out and hooked it up

after, and couldn't get in. While he was hanging about he spied an open window. It was the pantry window. A hop on to the water-butt and Jacko was inside.

"I'll stay and give Belinda a fright," he thought, chuckling to himself.

Just at that moment he heard strange sounds overhead. There was somebody in the house!

"Burglars!" breathed Jacko.

Wondering what he should do, he lay low and watched.

By and by a man came downstairs with a sack in his hand, and made for the front door.

Jacko dashed to the window and hung out, breathless with excitement.

Out came the man. He put the sack down on the step for a moment while he went back inside.

Like lightning, Jacko caught up a walking-stick, leaned out, and hooked it up.

You should have seen the man's face when he came out!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Coal Amid the Ice

Captain H. T. Munn, who recently arrived in London, has roamed over almost the entire North-West of Canada, prospecting for the Canadian Government. Then one day he was told that there was gold in Baffin Land.

In Baffin Land Captain Munn found not gold but coal, and he and his companion are now working a mine between them. Though they only get one mail a year, and are probably the loneliest white men in the British Empire, they are perfectly contented with their life in their little house amid the snow.

De la Houille Parmi la Glace

Le capitaine H. T. Munn, qui vient d'arriver à Londres, a parcouru le nord-ouest du Canada à peu près tout entier, prospectant pour le gouvernement canadien. Puis un jour il apprit qu'il y avait de l'or dans le territoire de Baffin.

Dans le territoire de Baffin le capitaine Munn découvrit non pas de l'or, mais de la houille; son compagnon et lui sont en train d'en exploiter une mine à eux deux. Bien qu'ils ne reçoivent qu'un seul courrier par an et qu'ils soient probablement les deux blancs les plus solitaires de l'Empire britannique, ils sont parfaitement contents de leur sort dans leur petite maison parmi les neiges.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Pincushion Lady

THE Pincushion Lady was a beauty, and she lived on Aunt Vi's dressing-table.

Her little head was covered with chestnut curls and puffs and a tiny cap of real lace, and her feet were hidden under dainty skirts of sky-blue silk.

The dreadful part of it was that Aunt Vi would stick pins into this lovely creature, and only laughed when Angela asked her not to be so cruel.

"But that's what she's for," she said. "I believe you would like to put her in the nursery with the dollies, but she's much too grand."

"What a lovely Queen she would make for the dolls!" sighed Angela.

That afternoon Rosy May, Angela's best doll, fell into the fender and burned a hole in her party frock.

Lord Beatty, the sailor doll, wouldn't sit up properly at the table when the dolls all sat down to tea; and the Teddy Bear upset the milk jug when Angela was picking up Lord Beatty for the tenth time.

"They want a Queen," sighed Angela, "to keep them in order, the naughty creatures!"

There was nobody about, so she opened the door and peeped into Aunt Vi's room. There was the Pincushion Lady, stuck all over with pins.

Angela took her up gently. Suppose she carried her to the nursery for one little minute?

Then a dreadful thing happened. She tripped over the mat and dropped her, and off came the lovely lady's head!

Aunt Vi was very cross when she came home, and told Angela she was a meddlesome monkey. An hour later a red-eyed Angela knocked at the door and held out her precious Rosy May.



She lived on the dressing-table

"Please take her, Aunt Vi," she sobbed, "instead of the Pincushion Lady."

"Well, I believe you are sorry," said her aunt; "and if you will promise never to meddle again we will mend the lovely lady's head, and you can take her to live with Rosy May."

So now the Pincushion Lady is queen of the nursery, and Rosy May, Lord Beatty, and the Teddy Bear are the best behaved nursery people to be found in England.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 12, 1922.

Every Thursday, 2d.

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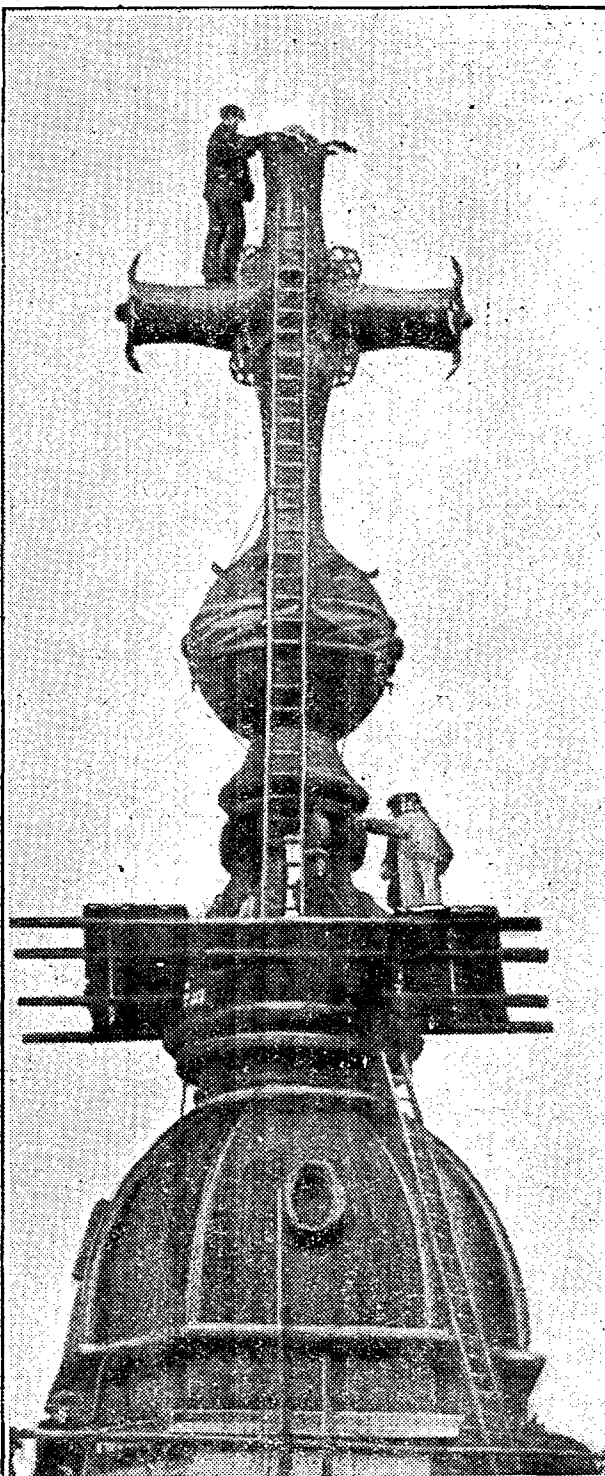
A CORACLE RACE • GILDING THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S • A GIRL TRAPPER



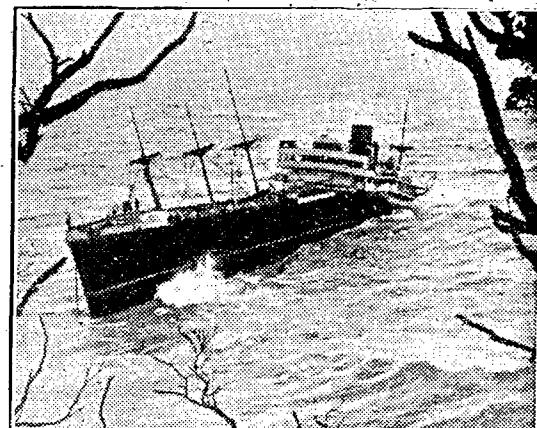
Imitating the Ancient Britons—An amusing and exciting coracle race at the recent regatta at Mumbles, near Swansea



Testing a Sheet of Paper—These five young women are all supported on a platform held up by a single sheet of paper, which bears the total weight of 769 pounds



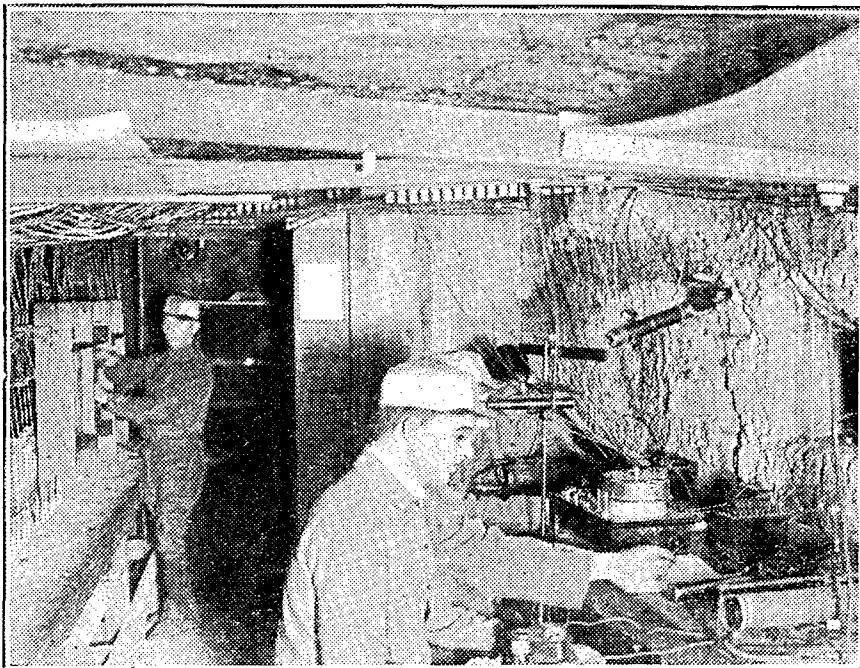
Looking Down on London—Workmen are now busily engaged in repairing the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral, which includes re-gilding the famous cross, shown here with the men at work on it. See page 6



Breaking Up—The steamship Wiltshire being dashed to pieces on the Great Barrier Island, near New Zealand



Feeding the Monkeys—Two C.N. readers feeding the monkeys near Durban, in South Africa. The animals are so tame that they come up readily and beg for food



Inside a Tunnel Laboratory—In order to make experiments for ventilating the new tunnel to be built under the Hudson River at New York, a special tunnel, 400 feet long, has been excavated at Pittsburg and fitted up as a laboratory. In this picture the laboratory is seen at work



The Girl Trapper of the Mountains—Miss Anna Schneider, an official trapper of the United States Government, with a young coyote. She is only twenty, and spends weeks alone in the mountains attending to a hundred traps, set for coyotes, mountain lions, and other animals